The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1892.

The Week.

In August of last year Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in behalf of the Civil-Service Commission, made to the President a report of the results of an investigation of the performances of Federal office-holders in some Republican primaries in Baltimore. The conclusion of that report was a recommendation for the removal of twenty-five Federal employees, the larger number of whom belonged to the Baltimore Post-office service, for violation of the Civil-Service Law. This report was sent to the President and to Secretary Foster and Postmaster-General Wanamaker. None of these members of the Administration took any action whatever upon it. A few weeks ago a Committee of Congress was instructed to ascertain what had become of the report, and what course had been pursued in regard to its recommendations. The Committee examined Mr. Wanamaker, and succeeded in getting nothing from him but evasive answers, quibbling statements about the meaning of the section of the law whose violation was charged, and more or less direct insinuations that the investigation which the Civil Service Commission conducted was not a fair one, since the Baltimore Postmaster and other Federal officials accused were not given an opportunity properly to defend themselves. Secretary Foster was called, and he pursued much the same course. He said that he had never examined the Commission's report, though he had had it before him for nearly a year, and though his attention had been called to it afresh within a week. He quibbled as Mr. Wanamaker had done about the meaning of the law, and, when confronted with the fact that some Federal office-holders in Kentucky had been indicted, through the efforts of the Department of Justice of the Harrison Administration, for precisely similar violation, he said he had a private report which led him to believe that these officials had been wrongfully indicted.

Mr. Roosevelt took the witness-stand on Monday, and made short work of the dodging and quibbling of these two Cabinet officers. He declared, in the first place, that he stood by his Baltimore report in its entirety, and that it was impossible that his conclusions should be upset, for they were based upon the confessions of the accused persons made at the very time that the events took place. As for the meaning of the law, he said very tersely that if the terms of the statute do not cover the offence, "there will have to be a new construction of the English language." He cited the Kentucky proceeding against precisely similar offenders, saying: "In view of this action by the Department of Justice, it scarcely seems worth while to discuss whether an assessment for a primary can or cannot be called an assessment for a political purpose." He showed with painful clearness, considering the pious pretensions of the Postmaster-General, that the latter had made statements which had every aspect of deliberate untruths, and had been guilty of conduct which in a worldly man would be denominated tricky, shuffling, and inconsistent. He quoted Mr. Wanamaker's testimony to the effect that it was not the duty of the Civil-Service Commission to make a report to the head of a department, and then produced letters from Mr. Wanamaker to the Commission asking it to make such reports and advise him about removals. The letters were written in regard to the conduct of employees of Democratic officials, and betrayed an anxiety on Mr. Wanamaker's part to get these officials out of office.

Mr. Cabot Lodge's speech to the Middlesex Club on Wednesday week was an attack upon the present silver law and is much to be commended. Mr. Lodge's bill to suspend the purchase of silver bullion until an international agreement for free coinage shall have been effected was taken by Senator Teller as a challenge to mortal combat. We presume it was so intended. The bill itself is open to some objection on the score of details. It puts the coinage power in the hands of the President and Senate exclusively, by authorizing them to make a treaty with "one or more" foreign governments for the free coinage of silver at any ratio they think proper, the same to become immediately binding on the United States. The important section of the bill is the second, which provides—

> "That until a treaty has been made and ratified as provided in the preceding section, so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, as relates to the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of Treasury notes thereon shall be suspended until Congress shall otherwise direct."

This bill was referred to Mr. Bland's Committee on the 1st day of April. It will probably be kept there until the close of the present session, but it cannot be suppressed. The first sign of a return to common sense on the money question will be the passage of some bill like this to suspend the purchase of bullion.

The President, in his communication to the Senate on the subject of an international monetary conference, says that he hopes to be able to secure an enlarged use of silver even if free coinage should not be agreed upon. This suggestion recalls the proposals made by England and Germany at the Conference of 1881. The Bank of England offered to receive silver to the extent of one-fourth of its gold, as its charter authorizes, provided that other nations would adopt free coinage at an agreed ratio and actually carry it into effect. Germany offered to stop her own sales of silver for a fixed period and to suppress her five-mark gold coins and her five-mark circulating notes on the same condition. But silver has fallen more than 20 per cent. since that time. The bullion value of the silver dollar in 1881 was 88 cents. It is now rather less than 68 cents. This decline has taken place in spite of purchases by the United States Government of more than $400,000,000 worth—a fact that must have made a profound impression on the authorities of the Bank of England and of the Imperial Bank of Germany. It is by no means certain that as good terms could be obtained for an enlarged use of silver now as were offered then. On the contrary, there are many signs that the wise and responsible financiers of Europe think it best to let silver find its level, just as wheat, cotton, and pork find theirs. Moreover, they are all afraid of the great silver hoard of the United States, knowing that it can never hurt them as long as they hold none, while it may hurt them very much if they have a large stock on hand and if the whirligig of time should bring us a Congress possessing a fair degree of common sense. The United States has been trying to "corner silver" for fourteen years, and has had no better success than the French syndicate which tried to corner copper; but, being a Government, and exercising the power of taxation, it is not bankrupt—not yet.

Secretary Foster's answer to Senator Morgan's resolution on the silver operations of the Government under the act of July 14, 1890, contains some important facts. Perhaps the most important is that which gives an exact statement of the loss sustained by the Government on its silver purchases. The question and answer are as follows:

> "(10.) State the amount that the silver dollars and bullion on hand would have cost at the present prices of silver bullion? A. The amount of silver purchased under the act of July 14, 1890, to April 1, 1892, was 89,044,075 fine ounces, costing $89,611,000, valued at to-day's price of silver at $77,833,425."

The loss, therefore, would appear to be $11,777,575, if the Government could realize the present price by selling the silver. But, of course, it cannot do anything of the kind. A valuable commentary this, on the statement made by Secretary Foster himself last fall, in his letter to the American Bankers' Association at New Orleans. He then said that the advantage of the present silver law was that it put

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a dollar's worth of silver "behind" every Treasury note issued. This phrase, "silver behind," had quite a run in the Republican conventions and newspapers. We pointed out that the "silver behind" would be of no use to maintain gold payments with, unless it could be sold; and also that it remained to be seen whether the price would hold firm so as to sustain Mr. Foster's flowery anticipations. The truth is now out. The "silver behind" is nearly twelve millions short already. It appears also that $11,542,921 of these new Treasury notes have come back for redemption. This sum is the net expenditure of the Government for silver under that act, all the rest having remained in circulation. The point for discreet financiers to keep watch of is the quantity of notes *in* the Treasury.

The bill to put binding-twine on the free list passed the House on Monday, under a suspension of the rules, by a vote of 183 to 47—that is, about four to one. This vote, we think, rather comes short of expressing the popular will than exceeds it. Everybody remembers that the binding-twine people went to Washington when the McKinley Bill was pending, and put in a petition asking for an increase of duty, saying that unless they got it, they should be obliged to close their works. They did not get it. On the contrary, the duty was reduced by the Senate from 1½ cent to 7-10 cent per pound. Then, when Congress adjourned, these same people formed a Trust and published a glowing advertisement setting forth the wonderful profits they had been making — all this for the purpose of getting the public to take shares in their combine, which the public did. We have always contended, and we still hold, that every article that has been made the subject of a Trust or combine ought to be put on the free list at once, without benefit of clergy.

Monday was an awful day for the friends of American industry. After the wicked Democrats had punched another hole in the tariff by the passage of the bill to put binding-twine on the free list, three Republicans from the West voting for it, the entire House, Republicans and all, proceeded to punch a hole in the shipping laws which have so long been the pride and incubus of this nation. Two foreign-built steamers, the *City of Paris* and the *City of New York*, were admitted to American registry. This was done "without opposition." Where was Boutelle? What paralyzed Dingley's tongue? Have they not told us over and over again that such a thing was unpatriotic, if not actually treasonable? Have they not made eloquent use of the "entering-wedge" argument when similar propositions were made in other years? Yet they were silent on Monday, though the auger could be heard boring a hole which is sure ultimately to scuttle the American merchant marine. The silence of the Pennsylvania Congressmen is easily understood: the bill requires the owners of the two steamships to contract to have others of a like tonnage built in American shipyards, and that means a good job for the Chester and Philadelphia ship-builders. But the Maine representatives have so often stood up valiantly for the wooden navy of our fathers, that we cannot understand their basely giving up the ship.

President Harrison could hardly have made a better appointment to the French mission than Mr. Jefferson Coolidge. There is no Republican or high-tariff man fitter for the place. He was a Democrat down to 1888, and how a man with his sense of humor, which is strong, could have become a Republican just then, or indeed at any time since 1884, passes our comprehension. But then he is connected with a great variety of protected interests, and the tariff is a strong persuader. We are quite sure, however, that he does not go so far as to believe in the existence of American tin plate. He speaks French almost like a Frenchman, has lived long in France and knows the country and the people well, and is not only a "Harvard man," with all the term connotes, but a man of wide and long business experience—indeed, a man of affairs "si jamais il en fut," as the *Tribune* would say. If the American hog is still in trouble over there, Mr. Coolidge is just the man to extricate him and set him on his legs. Mr. Reid saved the animal's honor by getting him relieved from the stigma of disease, but not before the French protectionists had made arrangements not to let him into France, whether he be sound or unsound.

Tom Platt held his State Republican Convention on Thursday, and we have no doubt that he got more good solid "chuckling" out of it than out of any of its predecessors. It is true that Warner Miller was not able to be present, that he was not equal to a fresh feat of "harmonizing" in person, but he did send a letter. Yet Platt had ample compensation for Mr. Miller's absence. He had Senator Hiscock and Mr. Depew and an entirely new recruit in the ex-Minister to France. The presence of these three eminent former political enemies, all harmonious and enthusiastic in his cause, must have given Platt huge delight, especially when he contemplated the use to which he was putting them. What he did was to use President Harrison's patronage to pack a convention, and then use the Convention to snub President Harrison. There is no doubt whatever about this. Platt put a fulsome endorsement of Harrison's Administration into his platform, and refused to allow any mention, even, of Harrison as a candidate for renomination. He was so confident about this that he openly invited an advocate of formal instruction for Harrison to propose a resolution of instruction in the Convention, just to see how quickly it would be voted down.

The financial plank in the Republican State platform this year is better than the corresponding one of last year. We put the two in parallel columns for the purpose of noting the difference:

1892.	1891.
We cordially endorse the vigorous declaration of President Harrison made in the city of Albany in favor of an honest dollar. We commend Republican members of Congress for having secured the defeat of a free-silver bill, the effect of which would have been to derange values, impair contract obligations, reduce the pay of labor, and debase the currency. The people must continue to look to the Republican party to maintain the good faith of the nation in all matters of finance, pledged, as it is, to keep any dollar bearing the stamp of the United States at par with gold, and to repel the assaults of the reckless advocates of free and unlimited coinage of silver.	The Act of July 14, 1890, provides for the purchase of the silver product of American mines and issuing of the new Treasury notes, protected by a reserve of 100 cents' worth of silver for every dollar issued. *We commend this policy* of maintaining gold and silver at a parity, the Treasury notes paid for silver to be kept at par with gold. The voice of New York is emphatic against any degradation of the currency, and demands, with President Harrison, that every dollar issued by the Government, whether paper or coin, shall be as good as every other dollar.

The marked difference between the two platforms is the omission this year of any commendation of the act of July 14, 1890. There is little room for doubt that the endorsement last year of the present Silver Act cost the party in this State thousands of votes. In this particular the Democratic platform was much more satisfactory and more consonant with the views of business men. The Democrats roundly denounced the act which calls for the purchase of seven tons of silver bullion per day, and what they said about keeping all the dollars at par with each other was quite as sound as the Republican deliverance. The Republicans have now found that they made a mistake last year. The world moves.

There is another clause in the Albany platform which calls for attention. It is this:

"The Republican party has a right to ask the approval and support of all good citizens for the policy it has pursued in revenue legislation; for the fruits, now apparent, of the McKinley tariff, under which agriculture has been encouraged, manufactories extended, trade promoted, and labor benefited; and for the system of reciprocity which has added greatly to our commerce with other nations on terms of mutual benefit, to the extent of increasing more than 50 per cent., and in some cases doubling, our exports of the products of the factory and the farm."

We see no affirmation here that the country is enjoying prosperity in consequence of the McKinley tariff, or that it is prosperous at all. We are told that agricul-

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ture has been encouraged, manufactures extended, trade promoted, and labor benefited. A visitor from a distant country might infer from this that a prosperous era had set in—such as was confidently predicted when the McKinley measure was pending. But no such broad claim is made in the platform, and if it had been, it would have been scouted by the business community. We have had splendid crops and good prices for cereals and provisions, but we have not had the condition of things known and recognized as general prosperity. The infallible sign and measure of general prosperity is the iron trade, which is in a state of extreme depression and shows no sign of improvement. We do not affirm that this anomalous condition of good crops and fair prices conjoined with unsatisfactory trade is due entirely to the McKinley tariff, although we think that that measure has been a powerful contributing cause. We note the fact that it has not brought general prosperity, and that the Republicans of this State have not had the temerity to claim that it has.

Ohio has recently had an illustration of the power of public opinion, when once aroused, hardly second to the exhibition in this city caused by the passage of the Central Park Speedway Bill. The politicians of both parties in Ohio, and especially the Republicans, have always been opposed to the Australian system which was established by the Legislature two years ago, and have wanted to get rid of it as far as possible. In March last they rushed through the Legislature, almost with the speed of lightning, a bill restricting the application of the law in local elections to municipalities having more than 3,500 population, the measure being a law before half the people knew that such a bill was pending, or at least realized its effect. Happily, the spring elections in small municipalities under the restored old system precipitated so many scandals that the people were immediately aroused to the value of the booth and official ballot which they had lost. An agitation was at once begun for a repeal of the new law, so that the Australian system might apply to all municipalities and all elections, and the Legislature was soon forced to make the desired change, which was accomplished by a vote of seventy to fourteen in the House and with no opposition whatever in the Senate.

The discussion of this matter brought out evidence that the secret ballot is needed to secure pure elections in the country quite as much as in the city. The Cincinnati *Times-Star*, a Republican newspaper, declares that bribery and intimidation are not confined to cities of over 3,500 inhabitants, but are to be found in rural communities. Proceeding from generals to particulars, it pronounces it doubtful if there were ever seen in the State political practices more disgraceful than the vote-buying witnessed on the streets of Batavia, Clermont County, at the special Senatorial election in February, 1890, which it describes as follows:

"The law requiring all bystanders to remain at least seventy-five feet from the polls was rigidly enforced, but it did not prevent the vote-buyer from easily getting in his work and from seeing that the votes purchased were put in the ballot-box. The polling-place was in full view of an old stable, which served as the headquarters of the boodlers. The floating voter was steered to the stable, the preliminaries arranged, and he was directed to hold his ticket between the thumb and finger of his right hand as he went to the polls, and, moreover, was followed by a spy who saw that he deposited the same ticket, and then motioned him to return to the boodle-office, where he received his reward. This plan was carried out systematically. Nothing more corrupt and indecent ever scandalized the politics of Cincinnati or any other city in the State."

The *Times-Star* says that there are other towns of less than 3,500 people in Ohio, and not a few "truly rural" communities, whose politicians could give the city bosses "pointers" on fraud and corruption, in the absence of the Australian safeguards. Everybody familiar with elections in the country districts of New York, and of close New England States like New Hampshire, knows that the situation in this respect is the same there as in Ohio.

When the history of the educational and civilizing effect of the telegraph comes to be written, one chapter ought to show how it has lessened the horrors of war in South America. In other times the revolutions in that part of the world had to be fought through by means of musket and sword, but nowadays the submarine cable has become a more powerful though less bloody implement of war. Everybody remembers the terrible execution Balmaceda wrought among the Congressionalists by means of the deadly cablegram, and latterly, in Brazil and Argentina, civic quarrels have always been settled in favor of the faction that "had the wire." We all recall those solemn official despatches which Fonseca sent out to the world during his Dictatorship, lauding his own virtue and patriotism, asserting that there was universal acquiescence in his acts, and scouting the idea of any revolution. Suddenly came the news that he had been kicked from power and the telegraph office. At the present time a revolution is in progress in Venezuela, and the cable is bearing the brunt of the fight. The gravest symptom of the President's distress is the official despatches he sends almost daily to the Venezuelan legations in various parts of the world, denying that there is any trouble, asserting that the opposition to his rule comes from a mere handful of brigands, and reporting a glorious victory over an army of rebels outnumbering the Government troops two to one. This looks as if he were getting pretty hard pressed.

Banking methods in South America received fresh illustration in the course of the debate in the Uruguayan Senate on the Government bills to wind up the affairs of the wrecked National Bank. These measures practically amount to taking over the bank's business by the Government, and were violently opposed, on the ground that they were intended to cover up criminal negligence on the part of directors. It appears that the bank had made illegal or unsecured loans to the amount of $9,174,730, of which nearly $3,000,000 stood on what was called a "special account," back of which were persons as yet unknown. Mr. Edward Casey figures on the books as a debtor to the tune of $4,525,922, and no explanation of how he got the money has so far been made. Then there is an item of a million and three-quarters on the "Northern Railway account," which stands for another huge scandal. One Senator charged a good part of the blame for wrecking the bank upon "a person very highly situated, the most highly situated in the country. I will not say who." This not very obscure allusion to the President, formerly Minister of Finance, was greeted with laughter. Yet there appears to be little doubt that the Government bills will pass and the scandal be hushed up. Six out of the nineteen Senators have been directors of the bank, and are not expected to vote to uncover their own negligence or rascality. Moreover, Government bills in South America have a way of passing.

Ever since the law of 1884 gave labor unions a legal standing in France, the professional "brothers and friends of the prolétariat" have been endeavoring to secure additional legislation in order to give the unions greater power over the masters. Twice already had the Chamber passed the desired bill, only to see it defeated in the Senate. Again this year the law Bovier-Lapierre, as it is called, received the approval of the Chamber by a vote of 293 to 231. Its first article provides for a punishment of imprisonment of from six days to one month, and a fine of from 100 to 2,000 francs, to be inflicted upon any "master, contractor or foreman" who, by threats of loss of employment, or offers of employment, or by dismissal of laborers on the ground of their being members of a union, shall "prevent or hinder the establishment or free operation of trades unions." Endeavor was made to have the law reciprocal, and lay the same penalties on "all workingmen or employees who, by the same means, shall force one or more laborers or employees to join or not to join a union, or to leave a union to which they belong." But this section was voted down, 291 to 131. The labor deputies were triumphant over this, and one of their leaders said: "We know what we want. We want a law against employers who oppress workingmen. As for employees threatening masters, there is no such a thing and never has been." But it is probable that the Senate will for the third time give the bill its quietus.

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THE NEW LEGISLATIVE DISTRICTS.

ONE would suppose from reading the comments of the Republican press upon the new reapportionment of the Senate and Assembly districts of this State, agreed upon by the Legislature last week, that the division of districts under which we have been choosing legislatures for the past twelve years was a model of fairness and non-partisan arrangement. As a matter of fact, that division was as partisan and unfair as Republican zeal could well make it when it was put in force in 1879, and it has been growing steadily more unfair every year since, chiefly through the increase of population in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Evidence of this has been given in many State elections, for, no matter how large the Democratic majority on the State ticket might be, the Republicans were almost invariably able to secure a majority in the Legislature, and to secure, when the time arrived to choose him, the election of a United States Senator.

This condition of affairs would have come to an end in 1886 had Gov. Hill not prevented the fulfilment of the Constitutional requirement for the taking of a State census in the previous year. It is not surprising that the Democrats, after suffering from Republican unfairness for so many years, should, when their time arrived to reapportion the State, give their opponents as large a dose of their own medicine as circumstances would permit. They have, therefore, divided the State in the interest of the Democratic party, with as much zeal as the Republicans divided it in 1879 in the interest of the Republican party. That is the sum and substance of their proceeding. We are not defending them any more than we should defend the Republicans under similar conditions. Neither are we able to see why any one should be surprised at the outcome. The ideal apportionment, one that should be absolutely fair to all parties, has not yet been made by any legislative body, and we were certainly not looking for it from the extraordinary assemblage which has been in session at Albany this winter.

The most striking fact about the new apportionment is the greatly increased power which it gives to the cities of New York and Brooklyn in both the Senate and Assembly. In the former body the two cities will have 13 of the entire 32 members, and in the latter 48 of the entire 128 members. That is to say, they will lack only four of a majority in the Senate, and only seventeen of a majority in the Assembly. Under the old division, the two cities had ten members of the Senate and thirty-six members of the Assembly. In the increase, New York has gained one Senator and six Assemblymen, and Brooklyn two Senators and six Assemblymen. As the total number of legislators remains unchanged, the country districts have lost what the cities have gained, and it follows that the power of the cities over legislation has been greatly increased.

At first glance this might be regarded as a calamity, especially when we consider that the power of New York and Brooklyn at Albany means the power of Bosses Croker and McLaughlin. If the delegations from these two cities should be able to control the organization of the two houses, that would mean that in future, as during the session just ended, Croker and McLaughlin would in reality be the law-makers for the State of New York, deciding absolutely as to what bills should pass and as to what other bills should not be permitted to pass. A curious illustration of their "power" was furnished in the case of a lawyer of this city who went to Albany a few weeks ago to oppose a pending measure. The Tammany Chairman of the Committee in charge of the measure told him that he need not trouble himself, for as there was nothing in the bill for the bosses, "orders" had been issued against its passage; but, said he to the lawyer, "If you wish to earn your fee from the people who sent you up here, we'll get up a 'fake' hearing for you and let you talk awhile."

Legislation by this extraordinary method is not popular government in the proper sense of the term, but it is legislation of the kind which the increasing growth of our great cities is giving many other States than New York. The larger representation which New York city and Brooklyn are to have at Albany is simply an outcome of their increase in population; and whatever harmful influence may be the result, it must be accepted as the inevitable outcome of our conditions. If the city representation is, as a whole, ignorant and vicious, the fault lies with the people of the cities who do not exert themselves to secure the choice of better men. Bad as it is, it would be difficult to prove that it is really worse than much of the so-called country representation. The Plunkitts, Sullivans, Dinkelspiels, Farquhars, and Mullaneys of New York are pretty evenly matched by the Erwins, Coggeshalls, Vedders, Husteds, and Sheehans from the more rural portions of the State. The city members are often blocked by the opposition of country members in their efforts to retreat from some unfavorable position through fear of disastrous consequences to themselves at the polls in the next election. We can always hold the city members to some accounting for their acts, but the country members can raid upon the cities without fear of consequences; and hence appeals to them are useless.

Under any apportionment, legislation controlled by bad men is bad legislation, and the only remedy for it is the sending of good men to the Legislature. The standard of legislative character and fitness has been descending lower and lower in all parts of the country for the past quarter of a century, partly through the growing power of the cities, and partly through the indifference and neglect of the intelligent and moral portions of the electorate to take an active part in political affairs. Until there is a change in this respect, it will be useless to hope for much improvement in the character of our legislators, whether they come from the city or the country.

DIVORCE AS A STATE INDUSTRY.

THE practical vs. the sentimental view of the divorce question, from the standpoint of Western life, has received recent and curious illustration. The sentimental view was illustrated by a debate on divorce at the Equal-Suffrage Convention in Detroit a fortnight ago. The Detroit *Journal* thus summarizes the debate:

> "A great diversity of views appeared as to the cause of the divorce evil. Mrs. Jenkins thought it was drunkenness. Dr. Mary Willard thought that one of the grand causes was that men and women marry too early. Mrs. C. Q. Murphy of Toledo thought that financial troubles was the chief cause. Mrs. McAdow attributed the evil to the fact that wife and husband are not legal equal partners. Mrs. Lucy Thurman of Jackson thought that the cause is the wasteful habits of husbands, leaving wives to support their children at the washtub. The Rev. Lee S. McCollester said he had no pet theory about the divorce evil, but looked upon education as the remedy. The Rev. Jeanette L. Olmstead of Toledo thought that woman's dependence upon man is the cause. Giles B. Stebbins regarded the importation of a large criminal and pauper class as the cause of the increase of divorce."

The practical view of divorce is set forth in a six-column letter to the Chicago *Herald* from Sioux Falls, S. D., adorned with pictures of leading divorce judges and lawyers, and of famous *divorcées*. The difference in the newspaper treatment of the two views may be called typical of the difference between a question which concerns the amount of money brought into a State, the advertising of its resources and opportunities, and the embellishment of its society, and a question which concerns only sentimental debate on a time-worn reform of morals. The one, from the standpoint of "journalism," is "live news"; the other is "a chestnut."

The practical view of divorce, as a creditable and profitable State industry, is certainly a novel one, but the Sioux Falls correspondent makes out a good case from his point of view. It is one to be commended to those who take part in future discussions of "the evil," as giving them something definite to attack—preventing them from wasting effort in beating the air while groping around for a cause whose removal will change human nature. The correspondent begins by noting the signs of prosperity of the "divorce crop" in his own town of Sioux Falls, where the local bar, he says, is confident that "the product will fully equal, if not surpass, that of any previous season." But he fears the competition of Yankton, the rival centre of the South Dakota divorce industry. It seems that in Yankton "fresh encouragement and impetus" has been given to the industry by the erection of a new hotel, designed especially to gain the patronage of divorce "colonists" while "doing time"—that is, while waiting for the expiration of the ninety days of resi-

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dence which qualifies a "colonist" to obtain a South Dakota divorce. This hotel was opened with "a dedicatory supper and ball," given by the proprietor to the divorce colony. The proprietor himself opened the ball, having for his partner a "dashing" New York woman who has nearly "served her time." The proprietor has also prepared a "beautifully printed" circular, setting forth the advantages of Yankton and of his hotel, which "has been sent by the hundreds to society in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and replies have been received in numbers quite encouraging to the divorce trade of Yankton."

But Sioux Falls is not idle. The proprietor of its principal hotel has refurnished his house and sent out circulars, offering, among other inducements, to "guarantee parties against the intrusion of newspaper men, and in many other ways to contribute to their seclusion and avoidance of notoriety. This last," the correspondent adds, "has become almost necessary to the prosperity of South Dakota's divorce industry." Sioux Falls has still another and incomparable advantage over Yankton in being the residence of "the most learned in divorce law" of all South Dakota judges. Besides that, this judge "is only thirty-three—just that ardent and susceptible age when woman's distress appeals to man most strongly. In all the cases that Judge Aikens has heard where the fair sex has appeared in complaint, his course has been marked by the tenderest sympathy and the most delicate solicitude for their interests."

The way in which the divorce industry benefits South Dakota is discussed by the correspondent at length. He cites the case of one famous *divorcée* who spent $10,000 during her residence in Sioux Falls —"to say nothing of attorneys' fees and other legal expenses"—and who gave $1,000 to St. Augustine's cathedral and $100 to the local branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Her "new husband"—she was married almost immediately after obtaining her divorce—also "spent money like water," both of them patronizing "home merchants." The correspondent also quotes a prominent lawyer of Sioux Falls as saying:

> "The notoriety South Dakota has got is doing us no harm. It advertises us abroad, brings thousands of dollars here, not only to pay expenses of divorce suits, but for investment as well. Some of the people who come here for divorce have been so attracted by our resources as to make valuable investments."

The correspondent acknowledges that "the farming element and the religious element outside the large towns"—where there are no cathedrals or Young Men's Christian Associations to receive checks from "colonists"—are uneasy under the disgraceful notoriety of the State. These "elements," it seems, propose to lengthen the period of residence necessary for a divorce from ninety days to six months. The correspondent adds: "If the next Legislature shall be controlled by the Farmers' Alliance, this change in the law will be inevitable." But meanwhile the sentiment in the towns benefited by the industry is quite the reverse. Says the correspondent:

> "In Sioux Falls and Yankton anybody who would seriously mention such a proposition would encounter the risk of being drummed out of town. A correspondent of a St. Paul paper recently wrote a scorching criticism of the South Dakota divorce law, and strenuously urged its amendment; at which the citizens of Sioux Falls hunted out the offender and invited him to leave town."

The sort of ethics which is preached on this subject is well illustrated by an extract from a lecture on "South Dakota Divorce Laws" delivered recently before the Unity Club of Sioux Falls by Judge Parke Davis, "an eminent lawyer." In his lecture the Judge said:

> "No scandal can justly attach, either to the laws or the courts of the State of South Dakota, with reference to the subject of divorces. The standing and demeanor of those who obtain divorces here, almost without exception, have been such as to demonstrate that they are people of culture and social position, and that the grievances for which they seek relief are real. The purpose of their coming is a lawful one —as much so as if they sought the pure air and salubrious climate of the State for the benefit of their health, or its fertile soil for agricultural purposes."

Comparing, then, the sentimental and practical views of the divorce question, it is obvious how much stronger is "the pull" of the latter. In new States, where the struggle of life is hardest, and the resulting temptation to "boom" the State in every possible way is almost irresistible —the attempt, almost successful, of the Louisiana Lottery to get a foothold in North Dakota comes forcibly to mind— moral considerations must be held cheap. The one way in which a matter like this of divorce, which concerns the whole United States, can be satisfactorily regulated, is obviously through a uniform divorce law.

THE ANARCHISTS IN PARIS.

THERE seems to be a general disposition to throw the blame of the failure of justice, in the trial of the Anarchists in Paris, on the jury; but it is hardly to be wondered at that the courage of our Chicago convictions was not exhibited. Jurymen in any country may well lack nerve enough to defy a danger from which the police are compelled to admit that they cannot protect them. It was, of course, absurd, as well as cowardly on its face, to give a man like Ravachol the benefit of "extenuating circumstances," so as to save him from the guillotine; but every juryman, in giving a verdict, being human, necessarily thinks of the effect of it on himself, his family, and his business. The valor which ignores such considerations is exceedingly rare in any class, and especially in the peaceable, cautious commercial class from which jurymen are generally taken.

But there is no use in blinking the fact that the verdict is a triumph for the Anarchists, that it will greatly encourage them, and seriously increase the difficulty of extirpating them. For most of the class from which the Anarchists are drawn, a sentence of perpetual imprisonment has no terrors, for they know well that nothing in France is perpetual. Towards any class of political malcontents in that country, however ferocious or criminal, civil justice is not implacable. Juries recoil from the infliction of capital punishment, and, in the numerous ups and downs of French politics, the day for "a general amnesty" is sure to come. Of all the villains of the Commune of 1871 who were sentenced to deportation to Cayenne for life, we do not believe one now remains in durance vile. They have all been forgiven, and so Ravachol doubtless thinks it will be with him and his confederates. The chances are, therefore, that the dynamite outrages will continue, and even that the Anarchists proper will be recruited from that large class of Parisians who, as has been so happily said, are a curious mixture of the tiger and the monkey, and rejoice in any sort of mischief which makes the well-to-do class quake and baffles the police, even if they have no special object in view.

The truth is, indeed, that "Anarchist" is simply a new name for the old "Reds," of whom a crop or generation has appeared in Paris every twenty years since the Restoration, and has to be killed off by the army before there can be peace and quiet. They rose against the Republic of 1848 in 1849, and were extirpated during the terrible three days of June in that year, after sanguinary fighting in which more than 10,000 of them were killed, and in which they inflicted a loss nearly as great on the troops under Gen. Cavaignac. In those days of cobblestones and narrow streets, they erected barricades, which had to be stormed in succession. Twenty years later the new crop took advantage of the German invasion to seize on the city of Paris, murder as many of the judges and clergy and public functionaries as they could get hold of, rob the Treasury, and burn the public buildings, and fill the lives of the whole community with a terror that surpassed even that of 1793-'94. When the army finally got possession of the city, there was but a handful of the breed left. They were slaughtered without mercy, wherever caught. Their loss, during and after the siege, was put, by moderate computation, at 20,000. They were set in rows against the most convenient walls when the fighting was over, and despatched with a celerity which the murdering villains themselves must, even under such circumstances, have secretly admired.

Twenty years have elapsed since then, and Paris is face to face with the new crop. Barricades in the streets are no longer possible, and the capture of Paris is out of the question. But dynamite has come to their aid, and they are making the same use of it which their fathers and grandfathers made of "descending into the streets," when they struck terror into the bourgeoisie of 1849 and

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1871. They will probably continue it till they compel the authorities to fall back on martial law, or, as the French call it, "the state of siege," and then the punishment of the dynamiters will really begin. With a man like Gen. Gallifet, whose name is still a word of terror to all the old Communards of 1871, in command of the troops, a dynamiter caught with his explosives on or about him would not have to undergo a tedious inquiry into his history, and would have but little opportunity to address the crowd or to face a trembling jury. Five minutes and three or four files of little red-legged men with rifles would dispose of his case, and his surviving friends would begin to fly from Paris as from a plague-stricken city.

To have to purge a great capital of its dangerous classes in this way in every generation is, of course, a great national shame, but it is one of the penalties of the way in which Frenchmen reformed their government one hundred years ago. From this point of view it is one of the most instructive lessons in politics that history supplies. In public as in private life, it is still true that when the fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. The present Republic seems the most stable government France has had in a century, but it is nevertheless possessed by the old devils who converted the first Revolution into an immense tragedy.

THE LATE PROFESSOR FREEMAN.

LONDON, April 19, 1892.

THERE are in the United States so many who have read and prized the historical writings of Mr. E. A. Freeman, whose death at Alicante five weeks ago came as a sudden and painful shock to the learned world of Europe, that some account of him and his work will probably have an interest for a large section of your readers. He was not only a very industrious and prolific author, and indeed, since the deaths of Dean Milman and Mr. Grote, the first of British historians, but in other respects also a remarkable man, with a peculiar character, which, while it was often misunderstood by those who had but a slight acquaintance with him, gave for those who knew him thoroughly an additional zest to his writings.

The keynote of his character was the extraordinary warmth of his interest in the things and persons he cared for, with a scarcely less conspicuous indifference to matters lying without the range of his sympathies. While he was still an undergraduate at Oxford, and influenced, like nearly all the ablest among his contemporaries, by the Tractarian opinions and sentiments which were then in the full force and freshness of their youth, he was drawn to the study of history, and led to throw himself into it, by an incident worth mentioning, because it shows the good which may occasionally be done by those university prizes which are so often ridiculed. The subject prescribed for the Chancellor's prize for an English essay happened, when he took his degree, to be the results of the Norman Conquest of England. He competed, but without success; the prize going to Mr. Chichester Fortescue, afterwards Lord Carlingford, a clever and cultivated man, who, however, never made his mark in letters. Freeman's essay was probably a much less finished composition than that of his rival. But he was accustomed to say that this competition had been the turning-point of his life, for when he began to prepare for writing, he went straight to the original authorities, and especially to the Saxon Chronicle; and from a study of them he conceived not only the wish to make history the business of his life, but a sense of the inestimable importance of historical sources contemporary with the events described.

Marrying early, he lost his fellowship, and went to live on the borders of Wales. As he had an independent income, he did not need to enter a profession, and enjoyed abundant leisure to occupy himself as he pleased. He loved a country life, but hated the field sports which most English country gentlemen love, and had neither taste nor talent for farming. His Tractarian proclivities had, however, given him an interest in church architecture, so he began to spend his time in studying mediæval buildings, and soon acquired a wonderfully full and exact knowledge of the most remarkable churches and castles all over England, with considerable skill in sketching them. By the end of his life he had accumulated a collection of thousands of drawings made by himself of notable buildings in France, Germany, Italy, and Dalmatia, as well as in the British Isles. Architecture was always to him the prime external record and interpreter of history. But it was the only art in which he took the slightest interest. He cared nothing for pictures or statuary; never, perhaps, visited a picture gallery in the course of his numerous journeys; and did not seem to perceive the value which paintings have as revealing the thoughts and social condition of the time which produced them. The only other branch of inquiry cognate to history which he valued was comparative philology. With no great turn for the refinements of classical scholarship, and, indeed, with some contempt for the practice of Latin and Greek verse-making which used to absorb so much of the time and labor of undergraduates and their tutors at Oxford and Cambridge, he was extremely fond of tracing words through different languages so as to establish the relations of the people who spoke them, and, indeed, used to argue that all teaching of languages ought to begin with Grimm's law, and to base his advocacy of the retention of Greek as a *sine qua non* for an Arts degree on the importance of that law. But with this love for philology as an instrument in the historian's hands, he took little pleasure in languages simply as languages—that is to say, he did not care to master the grammar and idioms of a tongue, nor did he possess any aptitude for doing so. French was the only foreign language he could speak with any approach to ease, though he could read German, Italian, and modern Greek. Nor did literature simply as literature attract him. In his later years, at any rate, he seldom or never read a book in any foreign tongue except for the sake of the historical or political information it contained.

History was to him not only primarily but almost exclusively a record of political events—of events in the sphere of war and of government. He expressed this view with concise vigor in the well-known dictum, "History is past politics, and politics is present history"; and though some of his friends frequently remonstrated with him against this view as far too narrow, excluding from the sphere of history many of its highest and deepest sources of interest, he would never give way. That others should care as much (or more) for the religious or philosophical opinions of an age, or for its ethical and social phenomena, as for forms of government or the battles of kings, seemed to him strange. He did not argue against the friends who differed from him, for he was always ready to believe that there must be something true and valuable in the views of a man whom he respected; but he could not be induced to devote his own labors to the elucidation of these matters, saying that they were not in his line.

The same predominant liking for the political element in history made him indifferent to many kinds of literature. Among the writers whom he most disliked were Plato, Carlyle, and Ruskin, in none of whom could he see any merit. Neither, although very fond of the Greek and Roman classics, did he seem to enjoy any of the Greek poets except Homer and, to some extent, Pindar. He was impatient with Virgil, because, as he thought, Virgil could not or would not say a thing simply. Among English poets, his preference was for the old heroic ballads, such as the songs of Brunanburh and Maldon, and, among recent writers, for Macaulay's Lays. Macaulay was also his favorite prose author, and he was wont to say that from Macaulay he had learned never to be afraid of using the same word to describe the same thing, and that no one was a better model to follow in the choice of pure English.

Such limitations of taste are not very uncommon among eminent men. What was really uncommon in him was the perfect frankness with which he avowed them, and the entire absence of any pretence at caring for things which he did not really care for. He was in this, as in all other matters, a singularly simple and truthful man, never seeking to appear other than as he was, and finding it hard to understand why other people should not be equally simple and direct. This directness made him express himself with an absence of reserve which sometimes gave offence; and the restriction of his interest to a few topics—wide ones, to be sure—seemed to increase the intensity of his devotion to those few. Never did a worker more heartily enjoy his work. He did not work at high pressure, nor let himself be hurried even over things which had to be done by a given time. But he was never idle, and was so methodical that he could carry on three different literary enterprises at the same time, and calculate exactly the rate at which each would advance. Although never strong physically, and in poor health during his later years, his industry did not flag, nor did he appear to need any relaxation beyond that of a country stroll or now and then the reading of a novel.

The two chief practical interests he had in life both connected themselves with his conception of history. One was the discharge of his duties as a magistrate in the local government of his county. The other was the politics of the time—foreign not less, perhaps even more, than domestic. He was all his life a strong Liberal, throwing himself warmly into every question which bore on the Constitution, either in State or in Church, for (as has been said) topics of the social or economic kind lay rather out of his sphere. When Mr. Gladstone launched his home-rule scheme in 1886, he espoused it warmly, and praised it especially for the very point which drew most censure even from Liberals—the removal of the Irish members from Parliament. He was intensely English and Teutonic, and wished the Celts to be left to settle their own affairs in their own island, as they had done centuries ago. Even the idea of separating Ireland altogether from

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the English Crown would not have alarmed him; while, on the other hand, the plan of turning the United Kingdom into a federation, giving to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales each a Parliament of its own, revolted all his historical instincts. In the case of his strongest political passion—hostility to the Turk—historical sentiment was united to his detestation of cruelty. Ever since the days of the Crimean war, he had been opposed to the traditional English policy of supporting the Sultan, and when Disraeli seemed on the point of carrying Britain into a war with Russia in defence of the Turks, no voice was louder or bolder than his in denouncing the policy then popular with the upper classes in England. On this occasion he gave substantial proof of his earnestness by breaking off his connection with the *Saturday Review* because it had espoused the Turkish cause. This cost him £600 a year—a sum which he could ill spare—and deprived him of opportunities he had greatly valued of expressing himself in what was then an important organ upon all sorts of current questions. But his sense of duty would not permit him to help a journal which lent itself to the support of a misguided policy and an unscrupulous Prime Minister.

At the election of 1868 he was a candidate for representative in Parliament of one of the divisions of Somerset, the county he lived in, and showed in his platform speeches a remarkable gift of eloquence, and occasionally, also, of humor, coupled with a want of those petty arts which usually contribute more than eloquence does to political success. He was a warm advocate of Disestablishment in Ireland, because he thought the Roman Catholic Church was of right the national church there; but no less decidedly opposed to it in England, where so radical a change would have shocked his historical feelings, and rooted out much that was entwined with the ideas and events of the Middle Ages. The strong view of historical sentiment that ran through all his opinions was one cause of his fondness for the United States, in which he delighted to trace the perpetuation not only of so many old English institutions, but of so much of the English political spirit. He enjoyed intensely the months he spent there in 1881, and was always hoping to return again.

He was endeared to his friends, of whom he had a very large circle, chiefly by three things. One was his singular truthfulness. Another was his hearty hatred of every form of oppression and cruelty, and his readiness at any moment to go forth and do battle against it. The third was his capacity for affection. Once he had admitted any one among those whom he reckoned as friends, his kindness was unfailing, and he was prepared not only to take the part of his friend and put the most favorable view on his conduct, but even to receive with good temper trenchant criticisms from him. Seldom has a hard-working literary man kept up so large a correspondence—a correspondence not of business, but of pure friendship; for he wrote because he felt the constant need of interchanging his thoughts with those whom he cared for. Such a keen sense of what friendship implies and demands is rare in our modern life, and wins a corresponding attachment from those who are its objects.

I have still some remarks to make on his work as an historian and teacher of history, but must reserve them for another letter.

O. D.

TALLEYRAND'S MEMOIRS CONCLUDED.

PARIS, April 14, 1892.

"HABENT sua fata libelli." These famous Memoirs of Talleyrand, which have been expected with a morbid curiosity for half a century, have appeared, and truth obliges me to state that they have been received coldly by our modern public—our public "fin de siècle," accustomed to the spicy dishes of our present literature. There are many reasons for it: our reading public has been saturated with politics, and the *Memoirs of Talleyrand* are chiefly, almost entirely, political. Talleyrand deals with a Europe which exists no more, with a political equilibrium which is come to an end. Talleyrand goes very rapidly over the only events which now would excite our curiosity; we care more (I speak of the majority of readers) for the part which he played in the affair of the Duc d'Enghein than for the part which he played in the constitution of the Belgian kingdom. People expected revelations about Napoleon and his family, about many important personages of the Empire and of the Restoration; they find diplomatic despatches and political essays, extremely clever, very profound at times, but we no longer plume ourselves on our appreciation of such documents. Our political sagacity has been so often baffled that we are reduced to a state of indifference in political matters.

It is a curious phenomenon to observe: a novel by Pierre Loti, a book by Zola, a clever vaudeville, a music-hall song, have become our subjects of conversation and of interest; the time is soon approaching when we shall read nothing but short newspaper articles. We have a class of writers who excel in picking the plums out of every pudding, and who give us only the plums. The serious *Revue des Deux Mondes* had not long ago an article of four pages only; it was a sign of the times. We live fast and we read fast.

This fifth and last volume of the Memoirs of Talleyrand has 600 pages. Few, I am afraid, will go through it carefully; it will remain on the shelves of good libraries as a document for some future historian, for the time will come, perhaps, when we shall appear more interesting to others than we are at present to ourselves. The Duc de Broglie has written an introduction to this fifth volume; he says in it that he will fulfil his pledge to give to our National Library the manuscript volumes which he has edited, without any change or retrenchment. It is true that this manuscript is not an autograph of Prince Talleyrand, but it is a copy certified by the executors of the Prince. The discussion which took place on the subject of the first volumes of the Memoirs leaves no doubt as to their authenticity. The most competent judges have pronounced on the subject, and I may say that anybody having the slightest knowledge of the world and of literary matters could not hesitate to affirm the Memoirs to be the work of Talleyrand himself, and that they have nothing in common with those apocryphal compositions which unfortunately abound in our literature, and which are historical novels rather than real historical documents. That the original text has been changed seems improbable to whoever knows anything about style; but I confess that I would not swear that many suppressions have not been made—the Memoirs glide at times too rapidly over very important events. But suppression is only a negative sin: we may have lost something of Talleyrand; what we have kept is really his.

"I know well," says the Duc de Broglie, "that people had generally formed of the Memoirs an idea very different from what a complete knowledge of them has now revealed. In consequence of the precautions, perhaps excessive, taken by his executors in order to prevent a premature publication, they had imagined that the secret could have been kept so long only because it bore on facts of a delicate and mysterious nature; and that, once the veil uplifted, there would appear curious revelations, satirical portraits, wicked anecdotes, perhaps even confidences on the facilities which the relaxation of manners allowed to the worldly clergy of the old régime."

These expectations have been baffled, and Talleyrand has treated only serious subjects in a serious manner. The fifth volume begins with the second part of the "Revolution of 1830," in the years 1832, 1833. On his return to Paris after the death of Casimir Périer, he found the Cabinet much weakened. "Intrigues of all sorts crossed each other around the ministerial portfolio; the ambition of a few was less troublesome than the presumption of all. Such is the consequence of revolutions, which put everything out of joint." (Might not these lines apply to our situation now and to our weak and changing Cabinets?) Talleyrand, not caring much for such a spectacle, left for the Baths. He was pressed to return to London, but he remained quietly at Bourbon-l'Archambault.

"I resented the arrogance of the Belgians, who did not deserve that our Government should compromise itself for them, and I asked that they should be forced to give up what was reasonable. My advice was not much followed on this point, and they hurried, on the contrary—wrongly, in my opinion—to conclude the marriage of the Princess Louise of Orleans with King Leopold, which took place at Compiègne on the 9th of August. It was very evident that the precipitation with which this marriage was concluded could only embarrass our affairs, by increasing the demands of the French and Belgian revolutionists. The King of Holland fortunately came to our help by the bad faith which he brought to the negotiations of the London Conference."

I have given this passage, as it shows very well the temper of Talleyrand: he was willing to create a Belgium, but he wished it to be a modest Belgium, to have it subordinate to the great Powers, and especially to France. He was a liberal, he disliked the revolutionists; he meant to employ any and all means to give to French diplomacy a preponderating part in Europe; and he was conscious that he could, better than anybody else, assure and maintain it in this preponderance. He wished to establish a solid constitutional government in France, though he had a secret contempt for parliamentary discussions and for the new political personnel of the Revolution of 1830.

Just after the fall of the citadel of Antwerp, which a French army had besieged, Talleyrand lost a personal friend in the person of the Princesse de Vaudémont (who belonged to the house of Lorraine), his confidential correspondent. She died on January 1, 1833.

"I lost in her a friend of fifty years. I had known her at the house of her mother-in-law, the Comtesse de Brionne, where I had spent the most agreeable years of my youth; our relations had never suffered any change, and I could not console myself for the loss of such a faithful friend. She rendered me a service, even after her death, her heirs having sent back to me the letters which I had addressed to her; and from these letters I have taken many details which have helped me to write my Memoirs, and which would probably have gone out of my memory."

After the Belgian question the Eastern question became the chief preoccupation of Talleyrand in London. The rivalry of the Sultan Mahmud and of the Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet

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Ali, was the origin of it. Mehemet Ali, a soldier of Albania, had become Vice-King of Egypt, and had succeeded in creating an army and a navy; he had extended his power over Nubia and a part of Arabia. His embassy in London was the last episode in the political career of Prince Talleyrand; he resigned in 1834. Some of the letters which he wrote at that time are very fine; there is one to Louis Philippe which is very remarkable: "I have, thanks to you, Sire, obtained for the Revolution of July the *droit de cité* [freedom of the city] in Europe. My task is accomplished, and I insist now on retiring, as I need rest." The Cabinet of Lord Melbourne had just retired. The Duke of Wellington had been charged with the formation of an administration in the absence of Sir Robert Peel.

"Whatever," continues Talleyrand, "may be my respect for the character, the strength, and the prudence of the Duke of Wellington, I could not withdraw my resignation merely because he returns to power, without becoming instantly a party man in both countries, and consequently less able to serve the King. I have never been the man of a party; I have never wished to be, and this has been my strength. When, four years ago, I started for England, I was, in the eyes of France—of France which is so severe in its national susceptibilities—what I always wished to be, the man of France. To-day, I should be, for her, the man of the Duke of Wellington. The King forgets too often, in his indulgent kindness, my great age; he forgets that it is not allowed an octogenarian to be wanting in prudence, for what makes the faults of old age so sad is, that they are irreparable."

Talleyrand spent the years of his retreat either on his fine estate at Valençay or in Paris in his hôtel on the Rue Saint-Florentin (now owned and occupied by Alphonse de Rothschild). He lived only four years more, and died in Paris on May 17, 1838. On the morning of his last day he signed a retraction of the errors of his life which had been censured by the Church, and this was sent to Pope Gregory XVI.

In an appendix to this fifth and last volume of the Memoirs, there is a sort of historical essay written by Talleyrand on the Duc de Choiseul and his administration. It was among the papers which were entitled "Memoirs," but was written several years before the Memoirs were begun. The Duc de Broglie, however, thought it important enough to publish it; it was perhaps because he is himself very much interested in the period in which the Duc de Choiseul lived. The essay begins in this airy manner: "The Duc de Choiseul had much natural wit, little education, a great deal of assurance; a good name with a slight foreign veneer which classed him equally among the grand seigneurs of France and of Germany. The branch of Choiseuls to which he belonged was in the service of the Dukes of Lorraine." The portraits of Madame du Barry and of Madame de Pompadour are very striking; they are not written with indulgence. Talleyrand remarks, for instance, that, different as these two ladies were in almost every respect, they resembled each other completely in one point—in the feminine art of lying. His final judgment on Choiseul is not more indulgent: "Here ends this brilliant career, more remarkable for social successes than signalized in history by characteristic marks of real merit. . . . M. de Choiseul will remain in history only as a man who governed France for eleven years by the despotism of fashion; his name recalls no battles won, no glorious treaties."

Correspondence.

THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an address before the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt makes some remarks which, as they go to the root and basis of our politics, are worth discussion.

"Undoubtedly it would be well for our Congressmen to pay more heed to the writings of those who have studied our political questions from an outside standpoint; but beyond doubt these outsiders have more to learn from the practical politicians in Congress than the latter have to learn from them, and it would be the greatest misfortune possible to have some of the favorite theories of these outside reformers actually reduced to practice."

The main proposition relied upon to support this statement seems to be unfortunately selected:

"During the last three years the methods of Congressional procedure at Washington have been immensely changed for the better. Long strides have been taken in the direction of making Congress a really effective and responsible legislative body, both by rendering mere factious obstruction comparatively easy to suppress (and mere factious obstruction can never be pardonable) and also by lodging in a given committee, which adequately represents the majority of the House, power to single out of the immense mass of legislation proposed those measures which deserve especial attention, and to put them on their passage."

What this really means is that the Speaker, as the blind instrument of a party majority, has assumed the power, by counting quorums, and recognizing some speakers and refusing to recognize others at his pleasure, of forcing through legislation in the interest of the majority; and, further, that a committee, also representing the party majority, and of which the Speaker is a member, shall determine in secret conclave what measures shall be taken up by the House and forced through under gag rules without effective debate. Could there be a more potent instrument for subjecting all legislation to the influence of the lobby, which already rules Congress with an iron hand? It must have been a desperate condition of things upon which that was an improvement.

Mr. Roosevelt refers with triumph to the Copyright Act. Not understanding it myself, I believe that experts regard it as a lame and half-hearted instalment of a simple act of justice, which is much less remarkable for its passage than for the disgraceful neglect which has so long stained our statute books.

"For instance, as my friend, the Honorable Andrew D. White, remarked to me the other day, one of the prime, cardinal merits of our Constitution, one of the reasons why it works so well, is the fact that we do not have what in England is called responsible government."

The abolition of slavery was not effected by Congress, but by sheer force of the popular will, in tacit submission to four years of military despotism. Setting that apart, if Mr. Roosevelt will point to one single act of Congress which has ever contributed to the direct and permanent welfare of the great mass of the people, to a degree in any way bearing comparison with the results obtained under an executive ministry in England by the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the gradual reform of the tariff, the Civil-Service Rules of 1853, the transfer of contested-election questions to the courts, the measures for the suppression of bribery, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the measures for the Government of India, I will give up the contest, at least as far as he is concerned.

I will not yield to any man living in love for our country or its institutions. My enthusiasm for this magnificent people, which carried through the civil war, and, without a shadow of revengeful feeling, launched the Union on a fresh career of power and prosperity, amounts almost to idolatry. My aversion to the social, and in most respects the political, conditions of Europe is such that I never desire to set foot on her shores again. And yet I say that government by Congress and the State Legislatures, under present conditions and without official leaders, is a ramshackle machinery which suppresses instead of expressing the will of the people, and hands over the welfare of the nation to unscrupulous adventurers and gigantic combinations of local and private interests in a way which is slowly but stea ily conducting us to another civil war.

Nobody that I know of proposes a Ministry responsible to Congress as the English Ministry is to Parliament. Happily our Executive is not created by Congress but by the people, and our fixed terms provide for an appeal to the people quite as often as is done in practice under the English system. And when Mr. Roosevelt sneers at "the very estimable gentlemen who flatter themselves that they have looked intelligently at public questions," he forgets, though he cannot cancel, the fact that in 1881 eight Senators of both parties unanimously and urgently recommended a plan which covers in every particular all that I, for one, have ever asked for or desired.

Mr. Roosevelt's address will carry all the weight which belongs to his high personal character and his position as Civil-Service Commissioner; but if he expects to prevail by force of argument, it seems to me that he will need to strengthen his logic a little. G. B.

Boston, April 29, 1892.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to inform Mr. Matthews that the Agricultural College of Iowa acknowledges "that the teaching of the English language and the teaching of English literature are equally important, and wholly unrelated one to the other, and recognizes this truth by the establishment of two [full and] independent professorships, one of the English language and one of English literature." I am obliged to cut out the word "full," because our resources are so limited that the Professor of English Literature is obliged also to give instruction in History; but that shows that the professor is overworked, not that the work is slighted; and it is not an important fact to one who is investigating the principles which control the instruction in literature and in language. At any rate, "these two equal professorships exist side by side" in this college. The two departments are in charge of different professors; and English literature is studied as a literature, not as a source of illustrations of grammar or philology. A. C. Barrows.

Ames, Iowa, April 27, 1892.

"DOG GONE IT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent under this head, in your issue of April 21, starts a curious question. In my boyhood, I was familiar wth the

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use to which he refers, among the Virginia youngsters of that day, although I should have said that the participle "dog-goned" was common, while he thinks it was unknown. The origin or etymology of the use is certainly obscure. I am not satisfied with his theory that it means, or originally meant, dogging, in the sense of being chased or worried by a dog. Vulgar uses of words tend downwards, not upwards (*e. g.*, "gossip," "good-bye," "maudlin"): and that the figure of being worried by a dog should come to express the high though bad sentiment involved in swearing, would be a case of etymological tendency upwards, so far as concerns the matter of the dignity (worthiness) of language. I should rather think it to be a case of *soft swearing*, like "durn" or "darn," instead of the common Anglo-Saxon imprecation. I should think so, but for the fact that I find Barrie, in 'The Little Minister,' using it as vulgar Scotch. Thus, Rob Dow says, "*Dagon* religion, it spoils a' things"; and in the delightful chapter where the minister unexpectedly gave out his text from Ezra, "Ezra, *dagont*, it looked as if Ezra had jumped clean out of the Bible." The identity of the Scotch with the Virginia use is plain. It is not likely that it was ever an importation into Scotland from Virginia, for the Scotch, when they swear at all, do so without dodging or affectation. Did the Virginians get it from the Scotch, and how? There seems to be here a question of word-kinship worth determining. Mr. Lowell, alas! could have answered it. Who else can?

C. B.

Boston, April 26, 1892.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a new edition in three volumes of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, edited by Dr. Broadhurst, and retaining also Lord Mahon's notes, and with six portraits; and 'From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea,' a Siberian journey by Julius M. Price.

James Russell Lowell's Lowell Institute lectures on the English Dramatists will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in the fall.

The fifth volume of the English translation of Talleyrand's Memoirs will shortly be brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, together with 'The Story of the Byzantine Empire,' by C. W. C. Oman.

Misses Searle & Girton, Chicago, will publish a volume of blank verse by Blanche Fearing, entitled 'In the City by the Lake.'

The sixth volume of the New Cambridge Shakespeare (Macmillan) includes "Troilus and Cressida," "Coriolanus," "Titus Andronicus," and "Romeo and Juliet." The notes show to an attentive eye the thoroughness with which whatever was appropriate to this edition of the text has been incorporated. In point of authority, as well as of convenience and cheapness, it is the best library edition, and the near completion of the set makes it the more available.

The reissue of Peacock's novels (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan) is continued with 'Crotchet Castle,' the work which is on all accounts the most successful of the whole set, because it represents its author at the moment when he had sufficiently aged to be tolerant of what he laughed at, was prosperous enough to be genial, and had not yet stocked his mind with crotchets of his own, as he came to do. Dr. Garnett's introduction, like all he has furnished, is a model of point and brevity and good nature in criticism. He singles out the character of Dr. Folliott as the only "type" which Peacock contributed to the English world of books, and he especially praises the ballad of "The Pool of the Diving Friar" as unrivalled in the language in its kind. We observe, apropos of "crotchets," that he says, upon his own account, that "the ideal of improvement has been lowered" since the forces of the time of George IV. spent themselves.

Swan Sonnenschein & Co. publish in their Social Science Series (which is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) a volume by F. Engels entitled 'The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844.' As this work was written in 1845, it may have a certain interest as showing that the representations as to the status of this class made by the Socialists are very much the same now as then. But the evidential value of these representations is of the slightest, and time spent over this book would be wasted by any one who sincerely desired to inform himself concerning its nominal subject.

The second part of Palgrave's 'Dictionary of Political Economy' (Beeke-Chamberlayne), is now delivered by the publishers, Macmillan & Co. The character of this publication was sufficiently described by us on the appearance of the first part, and we merely note that the list of contributors contains the names of several American professors—Ashley, Dunbar, Dewey, Richmond Smith, and Taussig.

Mr. Traill Taylor's 'Optics of Photography and Photographic Lenses' (Macmillan & Co.) is not in any proper sense a scientific treatise, though a certain amount of scientific explanation and even demonstration is introduced. The subject of photographic lenses is discussed at length, and the different forms of lens are very clearly shown by sections. There is perhaps not enough in the way of statement as to the precise advantages and disadvantages of the lenses of different makers. Still, the book is good and useful.

The autobiographic character of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's 'On the Plantation' (D. Appleton & Co.) invests it with a peculiar interest. The sub-title calls it "a story of a Georgia boy's adventures during the war," and it is really a valuable, if modest, contribution to the history of the civil war within the Confederate lines, particularly on the eve of the catastrophe. While Mr. Harris in his preface professes to have lost the power to distinguish between what is true and what is imaginative in his episodical narrative, the reader readily finds the clue, and it is instructive to notice how "Uncle Remus's" humor is robbed of its contagiousness when the tale is about a funny incident in his own experience, which he is too conscientious to embellish. Two or three new animal fables are introduced with effect; but the history of the plantation, the printing-office, the black runaways and white deserters of whom the impending break-up made the community tolerant, the coon and fox-hunting, forms the serious purpose of the book, and holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. Like 'Daddy Jake,' this is a good anti-slavery tract in disguise, and does credit to Mr. Harris's humanity. There are amusing illustrations by E. W. Kemble. It is a pity the publishers could not have spent a little more money in procuring a better portrait of "Uncle Remus" himself than the poor process cut which serves as a frontispiece.

We welcome the 'Coöperative Index to Periodicals,' for 1891, edited as heretofore by Mr. W. I. Fletcher of the Amherst Library and a corps of volunteers from the American Library Association. The alphabetical list of topics generally has the writer's name accompanying his article; and these writers are in turn alphabetized, and their several articles ranged beside them, in the second part of the volume. Good indexing could no further go.

Pacini of Pescia, an early Florentine printer, issued at least four editions of the 'Trionfi' of Petrarch, which attained great popularity and have become excessively rare, so that all of them except the third are now represented by a single known copy, and none can be found outside of the cities of Rome, Florence, Perugia, and Trieste. The first of these, of 1499, is unique, and is preserved in the Victor Emanuel Library at Rome. This highly interesting specimen of early printing has lately been reproduced in facsimile (Rome: Genua & Strizzi) by the photo-zincographic process, and now the humblest library in the world may in this particular place itself on a par with the depository of the original publication, for all purposes of study and use. Such world-wide distribution of single perishable books and manuscripts ought to enter into the scheme of every great library. The Bodleian provides for photographic reduplications in certain lines, to order, at a reasonable rate. The 'Trionfi' of 1499–1891 (12mo, pp. 70) costs 20 lire, or $4. At $1, with due advertisement, it might have found much more than four times the sale, one would suppose. The illustrations, typography, orthography, peculiar readings, marginal annotations, and biographical sketch, of the edition are curious in a high degree.

Of all the French critics of our generation, no one has so strong a liking for Boileau as M. Brunetière; and it was therefore with an obvious sense of fitness that he was announced as the writer to whom the study of Boileau had been confided by M. Jusserand in his excellent series "Les Grand Écrivains Français." The volume on Boileau has now appeared, and it is not by M. Brunetière, but by M. Gustave Linson, to whom we owe an admirable biographical criticism of Nivelle de la Chaussée. It is no dispraise of M. Linson to say that his criticism has not the weight of M. Brunetière's, or that he does not project Boileau's figure quite as boldly as we may hope M. Brunetière would have done. But none the less his book is most acceptable, and it will help to restore Boileau to his rightful place as one of the very best of French critics. M. Linson has no difficulty in showing that Boileau was very far from being the narrow-minded bigot that the Romanticists generally represented him to be.

Grillparzer's 'Ansichten über Litteratur, Bühne und Leben' (Stuttgart: Goeschen) is the record of conversations with the distinguished Austrian poet, held at intervals between 1839 and 1871 by Adolph Foglar, himself a son of the Muses and an ardent admirer of the author of 'Die Ahnfrau.' Grillparzer has the reputation of a thorough pessimist and misanthrope, and although this brochure shows him in a more amiable light, it must be confessed that most of his utterances, however true, are tinged with cynicism. He had an intense dislike of the Czechs, and would not admit that they could excel in anything. "The whole nation fiddles and fifes, but has never yet produced a single great musician." Herr Foglar intimates that he has still much material in manuscript, which he hesitates to print lest it should excite odium, and we can readily believe him. His book is interesting reading, and will serve to supplement the biographies of the poet already published, and prove a valu-

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able source of information to those yet to be written.

A work of similar character and issued by the same publishing house is 'Vischer: Erinnerungen, Äusserungen und Worte,' by Ilse Frapan. In 1883 Miss Frapan of Hamburg, following a custom only too common with young ladies of literary aspirations, sent some verses to the well-known professor of æsthetics, Friedrich Theodor Vischer, with the request that he would deign to pass judgment upon them. This rather ungrateful task he performed with conscientiousness tempered by good humor, which led to further correspondence, and finally to personal acquaintance at Stuttgart, where the young poetess attended the Professor's lectures and became one of his most enthusiastic disciples. Her volume is divided into three sections, which treat respectively of Vischer as orator and teacher, his domestic and social life, with an account of the celebration of his eightieth birthday in 1887, and his death in the same year. The book is excellent as a revelation of Vischer's character, although the publication of some of his sharp and often harsh utterances about living authors may be more entertaining to the general public than to the persons criticised.

In response to the request of the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, Gen. Wager Swayne has printed his interesting address upon the "Ordinance of 1787 and the War of 1861," recently delivered before it. He traces the history of the Ordinance, with many apt quotations from contemporaneous letters and documents, from its origin in the petition of the two hundred and eighty-five Revolutionary officers, mostly New England men, in June, 1783, for a grant of land in the Northwest Territory, to its adoption by the moribund Continental Congress on July 13, 1787. The pregnant words, "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude," in Article VI. and repeated in the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, he shows to have been first used by Thomas Jefferson in the draft of a similar ordinance submitted to Congress in April, 1784. This clause was rejected, however, at that time, and was inserted only at the last moment in the latter document, in all probability through the influence of Dr. Manasseh Cutler, the agent of the Ohio Company. Following a brief account of the settlement of Marietta is a sketch of the anti-slavery movement as connected with the States which the orator aptly terms the "children of the Ordinance." Portraits are given of Dr. Cutler and of Gen. Rufus Putnam, the leader of the pioneers, and pictures of the Massachusetts home of the latter and of Federal Hall in Wall Street, together with a map of the "Old Northwest."

The April number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* is noticeable for its papers relating to Washington. His account-books are put to good use by Dr. J. M. Toner, who constructs from them a real character of Washington the man—in dress, books, pictures, amusements, gaming and betting, charity and public spirit, care of his slaves, etc.

Capt. F. E. Younghusband's striking account of his two recent journeys in the Pamir is published in the April Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. The most interesting part is the description of the vast glaciers on the Mustagh Range, overhung by "ice peaks broken into every fantastic shape, with great fringes of drooping icicles hanging from their sides." On one of them the snow was of a beautiful pale transparent blue. Signs of former cultivation were to be found in almost all the mountain valleys, but the Khirgiz have been driven away by the raids of the Kanjutis of Hunza, a mountain tribe whose chiefs claim descent from Alexander the Great. At one point there were the remains of smelting-furnaces, with evidences of the existence of iron, copper, and gold in the surrounding hills. The great height of this region, which Capt. Younghusband calls the "upper storey" of the world, in reference to the flat-roofed houses of Turkistan, may be learned from the fact that "the bottoms of these Pamir valleys are level with the higher summits of the Alps."

In *Natura ed Arte* for April 15 (Milan: F. Vallardi), we find a statement of the growth of the collection of editions of the 'Divine Comedy' in the National Central Library at Florence. Since 1888 a special effort has been made to perfect this collection, and its Italian series now numbers 307. A negligible hundred or so still remain to be acquired, besides four or five extremely rare editions. The translations number 124, apart from 11 in Italian dialects. Of these France shows 39, Germany 38, and England 20.

We spoke, while they were in course of publication in *Garden and Forest*, of Mr. J. B. Harrison's remarkable series of letters from the Massachusetts shore, revealing the extent to which the people of that State had forfeited access to the sea and parted with their public commons. The whole correspondence is now reprinted in connection with the first annual report of the new Massachusetts Trustees of Public Reservations, of whom Mr. Charles Eliot, No. 50 State Street, Boston, is the secretary. The pamphlet ought to have the widest possible distribution in every State in the Union, for it points the way to an efficient combination of legislative action with public spirit for the purposes in view. The Corporation has been authorized to hold as trustees and to maintain for the public benefit "beautiful and historical places and tracts of land" within the State, to the extent of a million dollars; and these reservations will be exempt from taxation. Already one gift has been made and a fund for maintenance partly raised. The donor was a woman, and women have been significant contributors to the expenses of the Trustees thus far. Gifts of landscape *in memoriam* are also contemplated. An appendix contains the text of Massachusetts statutes pertinent to the subject.

An effort is making to establish an American Jewish Historical Society, and an early meeting for organization in Washington is contemplated. Dr. Cyrus Adler of Johns Hopkins University may be addressed in regard to it.

The American Library Association will hold its fourteenth annual conference at the Laurel House, Lakewood, N. J., on May 16-19, at Baltimore May 20, and Washington May 21. An excursion into Virginia will follow the Washington session.

The Catalogue of English Prose Fiction which we noticed the other day as coming to us from St. Louis, should have been credited to the Mercantile Library of that city.

We must also rectify our notice of the Summer School of Pedagogy and Psychology to be held at Clark University, so far as to characterize Dr. Wm. H. Burnham as Dean of the School and not of the University.

—The May *Atlantic* is distinguished by the publication of the Emerson-Thoreau correspondence, of which, however, there is more to come. The present lot consists of sixteen letters, seven being from Emerson, written during the *Dial* period, and concerned for the most part with personal or editorial affairs. At first Thoreau, who was an inmate of the Emerson household, writes to Emerson in New York, and later the correspondents exchange places. The most interesting matter is the glimpse of Thoreau's impression of New York in 1843, and next to that the home-feeling of the two men. The tone is curiously far off, and belongs to a very small community. The second portion of the correspondence will contain the letters written during Emerson's English visit in 1847, when Thoreau went back to his friend's house. In the paper upon "Private Life in Ancient Rome," Mrs. Preston makes a welcome return to the scenes of classical interest which she presents with so much vividness, and in so entertaining a fashion as to make her work an example to those whose business it is to give instruction in this field, as well as a treasure to all students. In the remainder of the number David Dodge's account of the scenes about a North Carolina homestead at the close of the war is the most attractive article, full of reality, humor, and good feeling; the extracts from Severn's Roman diary, especially those dealing with the occupation of the city by the Italians, have the best qualities of contemporary history of that sort; and the discussion of the requirements for admission to Harvard College, by Prof. Greenough, puts a rather complicated matter in a plain way so as to show the underlying logic of it. The political writer of the magazine attacks the gerrymander with vigor, and urges the quota system as a practicable and sufficient remedy. The number ends with a quantity of reviews.

—Mr. Jacob A. Riis's paper, in *Scribner's*, upon "The Children of the Poor," is a model of what such writing should be—explicit, straightforward, full of plain facts and personal impressions, and entirely free from sentimentality, violence, or preaching of any sort. The story, as a picture of child life merely, without any reference to philanthropy or reform, is admirably told, and holds the attention of the reader either by its realism in the grosser and darker parts, or by its natural comedy and picturesque scenes in the brighter portions. The most striking quality shown by the writer is his invincible hopefulness about the future of these children under our institutions; he sustains the mood apparently without effort; and when his close acquaintance with the conditions of the problem and the nature of these children of all races is remembered, the cheerfulness he displays is the best encouragement to maintain and multiply the various means of aid which seem so beneficent in their results. Mr. Thomas Curtis Clarke opens a discussion of the rapid-transit problem with a comparative description of the systems of the great European and American cities, with maps, and shows the lines of their common experience; he postpones his solution of the question to the next number. The "Linden," in the Great Streets Series, is described by Paul Lindau in a way to show its national and historical spirit and expression. Prof. Shaler contributes a paper of a characteristic sort upon the action of the sea on the shore; Mr. Apthorpe concludes his elaborate account of the Paris theatres with a criticism of the critics, and particularly of M. Sarcey; and the "Historic Moment" of the month is the "First News Message by Telegraph."

—Mr. Howells signalizes the beginning of his editorship of the *Cosmopolitan* by a number strong in variety and notable in the list of contributors. Mr. Lowell's poem, "The Nobler Lover," is much marred by the unfortunate way in which it is obscured in the

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printing, and by the incongruous design which overloads the page and spares only the crowded corner to the verse, to such a degree as to make one question whether Mr. Walter Crane did not think that the poem was meant to illustrate his figures. This is a fault both of artistic taste and of dignity, for the verses, apart from their being Lowell's last, are worth reams of such decorative work. In the body of the magazine Miss Jewett and Frank Stockton are the veteran story-tellers, and Henry James, T. W. Higginson, and E. E. Hale the veteran essayists. Mr. James pays the tribute of friendship to Wolcott Balestier, and the other two write in their accustomed way of their accustomed topics. Mr. Higginson's remarks on libraries, especially as regards intrusting the public with larger privileges in using them, are most practical, and should be looked at by those librarians and trustees whose instinct is still to lock up instead of to scatter. Dr. Garner explains his theory of "simian speech," and relates his experience in detecting and using it. Mr. Roosevelt argues with unabated force and pungency the plea of civil-service reform. Mr. Brander Matthews is the critic of the magazine. Prof. Boyesen contributes the most entertaining paper—a slight travel-sketch among the Lapps. Mr. Howells confines himself to farce. The variety of short papers and the absence of serials are the striking traits of the number.

—"Japanese Characteristics" is the subject of a charming paper by Prof. C. G. Knott, in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for April. It is derived from the experiences of an eight years' residence in Japan, and corrects some of the false impressions of the people given by chance travellers. The ordinary globe-trotter rarely sees anything but the out-door life of the middle or lower classes. "He may never meet a real lady of Japan at all," or a gentleman in private life. In reference to the charge frequently made that the present generation are essentially imitators, he says that in all their imitations there is a subtle Japanese flavor, even though it be a spurious label for Bass's ale, which differentiates it from the thing imitated. Nor have they a trivial, butterfly nature, as many suppose. Though they enter heartily and with a childlike zest into any amusement, yet it is only a momentary throwing aside of care, for the nation itself is "terribly in earnest." A failure to get at principles, and the lack of an all-round intellectual vigor, mark the cultured classes. "Only in one direction, that of pure and applied science, have they made any real progress." As regards their moral condition, Prof. Knott believes that the average is no lower than that of Europe or America. There is no morality of the high spiritual type which Christianity produces, but there is rarely to be found that low, brutal type which, unfortunately, also characterizes our Western civilization. The condition of the women, in the upper classes at least, is passing "from a condition of virtual bondage to one of comparative liberty," and whether in the change they will retain the qualities which are their special charm, is a question difficult to answer. In some circumstances old customs are curiously enforced. "For example, when dressed in native costume, the husband will precede the wife; but when decked out in Western robes, the wife will be graciously permitted to enter a room in front of her husband." It is significant, too, that "no woman can be present as a spectator in either House of Parliament when the Diet is in session." But perhaps the sign of the greatest progress in the direction of the emancipation of the women is the fact that Japanese ladies are beginning to take upon themselves the duties of entertainers, in place of the professional singing and dancing-girls who were till recently the necessary accompaniment of every convivial gathering. With all the changes of the past thirty years, however, and the adoption of many European customs, one thing is still certain: "Into the inner heart of this sunny people, the foreign eye has never penetrated. . . . The deep springs of Japanese family life are hid from his view."

—The *Revue Encyclopédique* is published fortnightly by the Librairie Larousse as a sort of running supplement to the great 'Dictionnaire Universel': it is a veritable treasure-house of useful and interesting things, and is as "modern" as yesterday. In the number for April 1 we note what appears to be the discovery of Mérimée's "Inconnue." A note is quoted from a writer who signs himself "A. H.," who asserts that he put into the post in Paris, in the month of October, 1831, the first of the letters of the "Inconnue" to Mérimée. Her name was Jennie Dacquin; she was the daughter of a notary of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where she was born. She died in Paris in 1887 or 1888. It appears that she had read the 'Chronique de Charles IX.' with great enthusiasm, and was eager to get Mérimée's autograph. To this end she addressed him in a letter written in English, and signed "Lady Algernon Seymour." Mérimée replied to Lady Algernon, and so began the correspondence which lasted till his death in 1870. Curious readers who are also hardened sceptics may desire some definite information about "A. H." None is given; but he seems to possess the confidence of the editors of Larousse, who say of his note, "Le voile semble levé aujourd'hui."

—Prof. A. Soetbeer's 'Litteraturnachweis über Geld- und Münzwesen' (Berlin: Puttkammer) adds another to the exhaustive compilations which this indefatigable worker has contributed to the literature of bimetallism. While its nominal object is to give a bibliography of the discussions on bimetallism in the years 1871-'91, it covers in effect the whole period from the discovery of America to the present time. Four chapters, embracing respectively the periods 1492-1620, 1621-1810, 1811-1850, and 1851-'70, give brief accounts of the coinage legislation of important countries, summary statements of the production of gold and silver, and bibliographies of important publications on monetary questions. These first chapters are brief, and not the less valuable to the student on that account. The fifth chapter, which deals with the twenty years 1871-1891, occupies two-thirds of the volume, and is detailed and exhaustive. The history of the bimetallist agitation is narrated with care, the various official commissions and conferences are noted, every legislative act is stated and the more important are described in detail, while the bibliography covers a hundred-odd pages. At the close, Prof. Soetbeer considers the present silver situation, the conditions of price and production, and emphasizes the commanding importance of the legislation of the United States. Altogether, the volume is invaluable for reference purposes, and will be welcomed by all students of the monetary situation.

BIBLIOMANIA.

A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books. A Plea for Bibliomania. By Daniel M. Tredwell, Lincoln Road, Flatbush, Long Island. Privately printed. 1892.

Four Private Libraries of New York. A Contribution to the History of Bibliophilism in America. First series. Preface by Octave Uzanne. By Henri Pène du Bois. New York: Duprat & Co. 1892.

Round and About the Book-stalls. A Guide for the Book-hunter. By J. Herbert Slater. London: L. Upcott Gill. 1891.

MR. TREDWELL'S stately octavo from the De Vinne Press, which appears to be on sale despite its imprint, is noteworthy for being the most extensive work upon its subject. A small volume, originating in a lecture before the Brooklyn Rembrandt Club, was issued in 1881; the present has the same title, but treble the matter. After explaining "extending," "inlaying," and other mysteries of the craft, the author describes the work of more than a hundred collectors, scattered throughout the United States. New York has the most, but Boston, with due regard to population, ranks first in this phase of bibliomania. More than $13,000,000 are invested in privately illustrated books in and about New York. If the figures fail to show the extent of the practice, glance at a few items. The Menzies 'Dibdin' numbered 53 volumes. Dr. Stauffer's 'History of Philadelphia' contains 8,000 inlaid illustrations and 1,000 pen-and-ink sketches. Mr. Augustin Daly has an Ireland's 'Recollections of the New York Stage' (published in two quartos) in 33 folio volumes, with 10,500 plates; Dr. Emmet's 'Biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence' fills 39 folios. One New York enthusiast has illustrated more than 300 volumes, and inlaid 50,000 plates.

In the lack of a proper philosophy and ethic of collecting, it is difficult to grade the different varieties. Mr. Tredwell is not the champion of bibliomania, as he fancies, but of the collection and utilization of engravings, autographs, and the like literary bric-à-brac—a subordinate branch of bibliomania, and one which we are not inclined, at least when not in sight of some masterpiece of the art, to estimate very highly. We grant that valuable material is in this way got together and given a chance to find a permanent home in some public library, that the practice is productive of a not ignoble pleasure, that it leads to familiarity with the work of artists, engravers, and writers, and even, under certain conditions, to knowledge of literature and art. Nor is it just to dwell exclusively upon extravagances like Bagford's depredations, or the Gibbs Bible with its 30,000 plates, or upon the misdirected zeal of that collector—surely a relative of Mr. Dick of Dover—who could not be satisfied with less than 731 portraits of Charles I., or that other, who culled 600 plates to illustrate four or five verses of the first chapter of Genesis. There are those, like our author, who scorn such raven-like work, who neither extend the text nor smother it with plates, but are governed by good taste and common sense. The product of such is a delight to mind and eye. The common Grangerite—perversion of an honorable name!—to whom quantity is all in all, is, nevertheless, beyond the pale of our sympathy. His is a vampire art, maiming where it does not murder, and incapable of rising beyond cannibalism. Between him and the bibliophile there is war. What book-lover, from Dr. Ferriar to Mr. Blades, has had for him aught but satire and abuse? "They are book-ghouls, and brood, like the obscene demons of Arabian superstition, over the fragments of the mighty dead," writes Mr. Andrew Lang, to whom tolerance has been imputed for unrighteousness. By those who have charge over books, the print-collector is deeply sus-

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pected; endured or embraced for the profit that may be in him as buyer or donor, in private he is regarded as an adept with the wetted string, a primitive communist, living under

> "the good old rule,
> the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Is an extra-illustrator ever wholly without guile? Even Mr. Tredwell confesses to having once collected title-pages from first editions of famous novels.

We have found so much of interest in these pages that we regret our inability to praise without reserve, but in truth the book as a whole is formless, having the faults without the virtues of a catalogue, while of the style we can, for cogent reasons, say nothing. It is disfigured, too, by numbers of those errors which the reviewer can commonly ascribe to either printer or author, as best suits his turn, but between Mr. Tredwell and Mr. DeVinne one may well hesitate. Who is responsible for "Roxburg" (p. 28), "Roxburgh" (p. 303), "Hammerton" (p. 16), "Madame Reidesel" (p. 81), "Manilius, Petronius, and Arbiter" (p. 19), "Oedipus, Tyrannus the alchemist, and Tom Jones" (p. 314)? What shall we say of "Count Benjamin Thompson Rumford" (p. 59), "François William Guizot" (p. 156), "The Bradford Croakers' (Club copy)" (p. 379)? De Bry's 'Voyages' Mr. Tredwell thinks excessively rare in a perfect state. We should think so! They are almost absolutely unique, to use his own emphatic phraseology. "Unique" is nearly as great a favorite with Mr. Tredwell as "gotten," and he knows it in all gradations from "almost" to entirely. In twice speaking of Mr. Henry Morley as the biographer of Voltaire, he seems "as ignorant" (if we may plagiarize his own account of a similar correction) "that there are two Mr. Morleys as that this is the wrong one." The indexes can be praised only on the principle of the half-loaf. The absence of a reference does not prove a similar lack in the text, nor will an entry lead always to the most important passage. In the index of illustrated books the searcher should look under author and title—first word, most important word, least important word—nor despair if he fail to recognize the object of his search; it may be neatly concealed after the manner of "Campaign and St. Leger's Expedition, Stone," for Stone's "Campaign of Lieut.-Gen. Burgoyne, etc."

The second book on our list is charming, in type, page, paper, its silk cover of mandarin red, its illustrations, and its contents. It is the sublimation of bibliography, a bibliopegic ecstasy, book-madness raised to the *n*th power; but it is founded on an idea, and written with the earnestness characteristic of French bibliographers, to whom the necessity of apologizing for their art has not suggested itself. Indeed, the locality of the libraries is almost the only American feature of the book, for either they chiefly consist of French literature, or the French portion is most strongly presented. The libraries are those of Mr. C. Jolly-Bavoillot, "the library of the Romanticists"; of Mr. Samuel P. Avery, also described in part by Mr. Tredwell; of Mr. George Beach de-Forest, Elzevir-man and vignettist; and a fourth which is anonymous.

Although we are indulged in frequent quotations, and even in a hitherto unpublished "Conte Arabe" of Alfred de Vigny, and some verses by Dobson, Browning, and others, extracted from Mr. Avery's 'Knickerbocker' (these Mr. Tredwell also gives), the aim of the book is an artistic development of a new cult of book-binding. Grolier, De Thou, Brinley, we are told, knew not the art of book-binding. They approved certain patterns of ornamentation, but they cared not upon which book each should be displayed. Not so the "art of the decade," a phrase that runs a trifle too freely from the author's pen: binding is the last thing to be done to a book, it is the final rite, the apotheosis. Before it is adventured, the book must not only have been read, it must have been absorbed, perfected. Then, from the mind stored with full knowledge, tranquil, reflective, as from the quiet depths of the milk-pan silently the cream rises, is projected the idea of the Perfect Binding. Thus only is a Library formed. We confess that Mr. Pène du Bois sometimes annoys us. His rhapsodies, his stained-glass attitudes, arouse the Philistine within us. If book lore has had its Froissart, here, one might say, is its Lyly, but that at times there is in him more of Sir Piercie Shafton than of Euphues. "A truce to unique copies, and the binding of the decade," we cry; "tell us of a library where all the masters are, but all in morning dress; 'where not one of the Graces tight-laces!'" However, to enthusiasm much may be forgiven, and we part from the author with gratitude for his closing words on extra-illustrating: "Of one hundred books extended by the insertion of prints which were not made for them, ninety-nine are ruined. . . . Yet prints may be inserted in books." The illustrations are unusually successful in their rendering of bindings. There is no index.

Mr. Slater's little book, which might be still smaller without loss, since there is much repetition in its 119 pages, takes us to a different field. It is a book-broker's manual, a guide to the Wall Street of old books. It distinguishes the various classes of second-hand books, and traces their rise and fall in the market for a century back; from these observations a prognosis of values for ten years in advance is attempted. The great depreciation of philological works and editions of the classics is thought to offer a chance for large profits in the near future, but this we doubt. The author attributes the change too entirely to decline in scholarship; it is in great part due to a change in the character of scholarship. Philology has become a science, and is subject to the general rule for scientific books, that only the very new or the very old have value. The novice must beware of art books; they are the mining stocks of the book exchange. First editions of Scott, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning Mr. Slater thinks excellent purchases at present quotations. He means those works which now have the minor value of a pound or two. There is little profit to be expected for some time to come in an 'Adonais' at $70. The modern poets, like Swinburne and William Morris, offer a good chance. Of course Mr. Slater writes for the English market, but his principles apply here, where literature is not too young to have first editions of respectable values. Librarians will find it worth their while to read this book carefully. Certain publishers will not be pleased at the advice to buy subscription books, second-hand, a month or so after publication. In closing, we ought to say that Mr. Slater is the editor of *Book Prices Current*, a periodical published by Mr. Stock, and simply invaluable in a library; his theory of book prices is therefore based on a wide experience.

MRS. PIOZZI IN ITALY.

Glimpses of Italian Society in the Eighteenth Century, from the Journey of Mrs. Piozzi. With an Introduction by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE world moves on apace; modern inventions and progress tend to efface distinctions of race and country, so that we turn with interest to a faithful description of travel in Italy a hundred years ago, and are surprised to find that, all things considered, there are many observations which might be dated yesterday. The Countess Martinengo, in her preface to Mrs. Piozzi's book, gives us briefly the facts of her second marriage and the account of the general disapproval it elicited among her English friends. Mr. Piozzi was regarded as an inferior person by Mrs. Thrales's acquaintance, because he was a music-master as well as an Italian; his nationality and the profession being equally disreputable in the eyes of the middle-class, well-to-do people who formed her circle. It was therefore to escape "from the poisoned arrows of private malignity," as Mrs. Piozzi puts it, that the journey to Italy was undertaken. Mr. Piozzi urged that they should remain there until his wife's debts were paid. This, owing to his economical management, was soon accomplished. Mrs. Piozzi wrote this record of her journey so that her friends should know and understand how well her husband was received among his own people, and how they were welcomed by persons of every rank. On her return to England, she related, with evident satisfaction, how Italians were surprised at her being a lady when they heard her first husband was a brewer. The Countess Martinengo quotes a parallel of our own day in the case of an English wine-merchant who would not willingly accept a Neapolitan of noble rank as a son-in-law because he was a master of music, to show that the prejudice against Mr. Piozzi's profession still exists among certain classes.

The Italians, punctilious enough as to rank and class among themselves, seem in the eighteenth century to have waived these distinctions in favor of foreign visitors, so that Mrs. Piozzi had the advantage of observing and studying at her leisure the manners and morals of all classes. The Piozzis travelled from place to place conveniently in their own carriage, staying with their friends or at inns, visiting monuments, theatres, hearing the best music, and mixing in society everywhere. Thus they passed through Turin, Genoa, Milan, Mantua, Verona, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Mrs. Piozzi was a keen observer. She appreciated the beauties of natural scenery very keenly, and describes them with a grace and appropriateness of epithet which strike one as singularly cultivated. The art treasures of the cities she passed through do not seem to have attracted her—she rarely mentions pictures or frescoes; and in this nineteenth century, in which we are surfeited with every uncultured traveller's impressions on art, it is refreshing to read a book which does not touch on these matters. Mrs. Piozzi naturally turned her attention to Italian women, and was much impressed with the ignorance of household affairs displayed by Italian ladies in whose houses she visited. Neither weekly bills nor accounts of any kind came under their supervision. All these affairs were under the husband's jurisdiction, as also the servants, who, in households where eight were kept, would number six men to two women. The custom of keeping open house and having guests to dinner daily, husband and wife never by any chance remaining *en tête-à-tête* at meals, struck her as remarkable, as also the departure at night of the large retinue of

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servants, each one to his home. She describes it as "the comicallest sight in the world to see them all go gravely home, and you may die in the night for want of help, though surrounded by showy attendants all day." This custom would account for the want of provision for servants' sleeping-rooms in ancient palaces. The familiarity of the servants with their masters, their habit of joining in the conversation when they chose, would naturally astonish this English lady, and she is equally shocked at their genuflexions and the humility of their hand-kissings, etc., on certain other occasions.

Mrs. Piozzi seems to have been anxious to ascertain, for the enlightenment of her readers, the exact position of the *cavalier servente*. She inquired, therefore, of a beautiful young Milanese lady, who told her that it was a custom which proved useful to people as poor as herself, as her *cavalier servente* paid the bills; he was otherwise a bore, but could not be dispensed with without her husband incurring the suspicion of being jealous of her. The Countess Martinengo, however, in her introduction, explains how in those days no woman, however old, or however long she had been married, could go anywhere by herself, excepting to church; therefore, as it was impossible for the husband to be always at the wife's orders as an escort, a cavalier was appointed, often an humble relative, who was always ready to tender his services to accompany the lady to the family box at the theatre, or to wait on her in the street. The continual presence of this person really interfered with any possible lover; and although in some cases the continual intimacy resulted in mutual love, this was exceptional rather than the rule.

Mrs. Piozzi was surprised at the way the children were kept in the background, rarely seen at all in great houses save for a short time after dinner, and also at the immense reverence and attention displayed by sons and daughters to their parents when the latter were infirm and disabled. Of Italian gentlemen Mrs. Piozzi writes:

"The politeness of a man of fashion here is true politeness, free from all affectation, and honestly expressive of what he really feels—a true value for the person spoken to, without the smallest desire of shining himself, equally removed from foppery on one side or indifference on the other. The manners of the men here are certainly pleasing to a very eminent degree, and in their conversation there is a mixture—not unfrequent—of classical allusions which strike one with a sort of literary pleasure I cannot easily describe."

Also, the great attentions and courtesy to women delighted her: she narrates that in any serious dispute between husband and wife public opinion always espoused the cause of the latter.

All foreigners remark the insensibility to cold with which Italians are endowed. This quality has not decreased since Mrs. Piozzi's day, and then as now they avoid sitting near a fire even if it be only a blaze of lighted faggots, throwing out little heat. The *scaldino*, a brass box perforated with holes, was much used in those days and is still. Mrs. Piozzi considers this means of warmth detrimental to a fresh complexion. She mentions the foot-muffs used in theatres and churches by the great ladies, and the little pipkins with lighted charcoal the poor women hang on their arms as they rush about on their errands in the street in cold weather.

The impressions Rome made on our traveller seem to have been less pleasant than those received from the more northern cities:

"This is the first town in Italy I have arrived at yet where the ladies fairly drive up and down a long street by way of showing their dress, equipages, etc., without even a pretence of taking fresh air. At Turin the view from the place destined to this amusement would tempt one out merely for its own sake, and at Milan they drive along a planted walk at least a stone's throw beyond the gates. Bologna calls its serious inhabitants to a little rising ground whence the prospect is luxuriantly verdant and smiling. The Lucca bastions are beyond all in a peculiar style of miniature beauty; and even Florentines, though lazy enough, creep out to Porta San Gallo. But here at Rome, *la Santa*, the street is all our Corso—a fine one, doubtless, and called the Strada del Popolo with infinite propriety, for except in that strada there is little populousness enough, God knows. Twelve men to a woman even there, and as many ecclesiastics to a layman."

Like travellers of our own day, Mrs. Piozzi was struck with the combination of grandeur and squalor on every side in the Eternal City—magnificent palaces with rags hanging out to dry at the windows; regal staircases and vestibules made use of by common passengers for every nauseous purpose; stinking mud heaps to be waded through before being able to approach a monument; the crowd of beggars and their persistence in making capital out of the deformities they display. She complains that the taste for good music was less prevalent than in the north of Italy, and is surprised that, considering the bad smells which one has to encounter on every side, the Roman ladies of quality should have been so squeamish of perfumes. We quote Mrs. Piozzi's account of an incident which prevented her mixing in Roman society:

"I went but once among them, when Memmo, the Venetian ambassador, did me the honor to introduce me somewhere; but the conversation was soon over—not so my shame, when I perceived all the company shrink from me very oddly, and stop their noses with rue, which a servant brought to their assistance on open salvers. I was by this time more like to faint away than they, from confusion and distress; my kind protector informed me of the cause, said I had some grains of maréchale powder in my hair perhaps, and led me out of the assembly, to which no entreaties could prevail on me ever to return, or make further attempts to associate with a delicacy so very susceptible of offence."

Mrs. Piozzi wrote wittily, describing scenes vividly, relating anecdotes with humor and point, never allowing her English prejudices to interfere with her judgment or to spoil her enjoyment of the scenes so new to her. Her knowledge of Italian must have been very thorough, she detected so readily the slightest differences in the dialect of each of the cities she visited. Her book remains a most valuable record of Italian society in the eighteenth century. It is delightfully written, and leaves an impression of extreme accuracy. It still remains for our nineteenth century to produce a book which will read as well a hundred years hence. To the Countess Martinengo all thanks are due for having so ably reëdited this journey and presented it to us in so pleasing a form.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Jules Bastien-Lepage and His Art. A Memoir. By André Theuriet. Jules Bastien-Lepage as Artist, by George Clausen, A.R.W.S. Modern Realism in Painting, by Walter Sickert, N.E.A.C. And A Study of Marie Bashkirtseff, by Mathilde Blind. Illustrated with reproductions of Bastien-Lepage's and Marie Bashkirtseff's works. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892. 8vo, pp. 190.

THIS is a singularly composite volume. That M. Theuriet's Memoir should be followed by Mr. Clausen's appreciation of Bastien's art from the point of view of a more or less avowed disciple of that painter, is natural enough. That the *advocatus diaboli*, in the person of Mr. Sickert, should be allowed to speak is comprehensible. But why a "study" of that particularly unpleasant young person, Marie Bashkirtseff, should be inflicted upon us passes all understanding.

All that there is to tell of the life of Bastien-Lepage M. Theuriet tells gracefully, in a style warmed by personal friendship, and with many quotations from Bastien's own private letters. The artist was born of a peasant family in moderate circumstances at Damvilliers, Meuse, on November 1, 1848. He early showed a talent for drawing, which was encouraged by his father, who used every evening to set him tasks in representing simple objects. His family wished him to enter the public service, and gave him, at some sacrifice, a good school education, but he early determined to be a painter. After his graduation from the College of Verdun, he obtained a position in the post-office, and set out for Paris about the end of 1867, with the intention of dividing his time between his service and the study of art. A short experience, however, convinced him that this was impossible, and at the end of six months he gave up his position, and thenceforth, with the aid of a pension of 600 francs granted him by his department, and of such sums as his family could send him, struggled on. He served in the war of 1870 and was wounded. He failed twice of the Prix de Rome, but had the suffrage of his fellow-students if not of the Institute, and was made a hero of by many of the younger artists. His pictures at the Salon soon attracted much attention, and his "Les Foins" (Hay), in the Salon of 1878, made him a veritable *chef d'école*. Many an artist who was then studying in Paris will remember the enthusiasm of the ateliers for this work—an enthusiasm which the masters hardly shared. This picture was followed by the "Potato Gatherers" in 1879, by the "Jeanne d'Arc" in 1880, and by a series of less universally known pictures. He had received a second-class medal and the Legion of Honor, was famous and successful; but his health, which had long been bad, gave way entirely, and he died at the age of thirty-six, on the 10th of December, 1884.

After the life comes the discussion. What is the place in the history of art which Bastien will finally occupy, and what is the meaning and value of that "modern realism" of which he is almost the patron saint? These are the questions which Mr. Clausen and Mr. Sickert discuss; Mr. Clausen with a hearty, though not unlimited, admiration for Bastien's work, and Mr. Sickert with strong disapproval of the school and the tendency, rather than of particular pictures. On these questions we will try to express our own views as clearly as may be.

In the first place, Bastien was not a man of great intellectual or emotional power. His character seems to have been essentially commonplace. The grasp and force of the great minds in painting—the deep impressiveness or the poetic charm of the world's masterpieces—are not his. Neither had he much feeling for what one may call the purely artistic part of art. Rhythmic arrangement of line and splendor or subtlety of color appealed but little to him. He was master of a sound and useful technique, but for technical charm—for pure beauty of handling—he apparently cared nothing. But his very limitations in these directions were probably part of his influence on the younger men who were studying painting

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in Paris. He was himself a sort of glorified art-student and a typical hero for the worship of art-students. The young men of the ateliers —the students of art—have nothing to do with power or sentiment or poetry, with glory of color or grace of line; their time and efforts are spent in a desperate struggle with fact. As a rule, they care little for art as such; they are striving to acquire the bare power of representation. Here was a man who represented facts with a power and precision that was a revelation to them, and they worshipped him. Here was a man who had done what they were striving to do, and they applauded.

Almost every picture that Bastien painted, and almost every letter that he wrote, shows us the typical art student. It is ever the determination to represent the actual thing as it is—to conquer nature in detail—to take the canvas into the fields and paint the very flowers and leaves and grass as they really are —to catch the actual texture of a face in the actual light of open day. Much must be sacrificed. If we are to abandon convention, we must give up all that can be suggested only by conventional means. If we are to paint always direct from nature, we must make no attempt to record those fleeting and beautiful effects which can be painted only from memory. We must confine ourselves to figures in repose, for action is too evanescent, and we must paint in the steady light of a cloudy day, when effect changes little. Such sacrifices Bastien made, probably without feeling them. Within the limits he set for himself, or which his nature set for him, the result was, however, superb. Take "Les Foins," for an example, or the figure of Joan in the "Jeanne d'Arc" (of the rest of the picture we will speak later), examine it carefully, and confess that such exact rendition of fact was never seen before. The modelling of firm and solid flesh without an apparent shadow, the gray bloom of daylight on warm skin, the mottling of cheek, the moisture of eye, the texture of sun-faded hair and rough gown, are given with a perfection that is little short of marvellous. The enthusiasm of Bastien's young admirers was as well justified as was the doubt of his masters. This has been an age rather of investigation than creation, and among the investigators of the aspects of nature, Bastien-Lepage has an honorable place.

He died young. If he had lived, would he have outgrown the student phase and have become a creator? Mr. Clausen thinks so, and says:

> "I feel convinced that realism was not the end with Bastien-Lepage. I believe that his contribution to art, great as it was, and covering as it does an amount of work which might well represent a whole life's work instead of the work of a few short years, was but the promise of his full power; and that, had he lived, his work would have shown a wider range of nature than that of any other artist, except perhaps Rembrandt."

We cannot think that there is any evidence that Bastien was travelling in this direction. The "Jeanne d'Arc" was an effort to combine the conventionalisms of the older forms of art with the painter's own realistic treatment of nature, and it was not a success. The realists complained of the presence of the visions; the idealists complained of the undue importance of insignificant details. The picture has great merit: the conception of Joan is truly fine and dramatic, and the bodily presence of the "voices" is a necessary concession to the limitations of painting. But the picture is neither decorative nor realistic nor ideal: it is a compromise, and not a successful compromise. From the time of its appearance and failure, the ideal element disappears almost absolutely from Bastien's work. "Le Mendiant" and "Père Jacques" are even less pictures—are more frankly big studies—than any of his earlier work. They are the sort of thing that is admirable discipline for a young man just out of school, but as the work of a *chef d'école* in the height of his power they are almost inexcusable. One may set one's self the problem of painting an old beggar, the size of life, in the open air, with absolute fidelity as the aim and with no charm even of handling to relieve the ugliness of the subject; but when it is done, it can be no more than a revelation of one's ability, and the public has no interest in it. And, what is more unfortunate, these later studies of Bastien's are not even as good, as studies, as "Les Foins."

There is, however, one branch of art for which Bastien's nature—his limitations almost as much as his powers—peculiarly fitted him, and that branch is portraiture. His lack of bias or strong personal feeling, his comparative carelessness of color or composition or even beauty, his disinterested delight in the accurate rendering of absolute fact, all mark him for a painter of portraits. They are the qualities of a Holbein, and have occasionally raised Bastien nearly to Holbein's level. He could never paint anything but a portrait even when he thought he was painting a picture, and his best work was put into avowed portraiture. Many of his portraits are wonderful and delightful, but the best of them all is the portrait of his mother, which those who saw it at the Paris Exposition of 1889 might be pardoned for proclaiming the greatest portrait of our day. Certainly it is one of the greatest, and on it and a few others we believe his reputation will most surely rest. His glory will be that of having been one of the really great portrait-painters of the world, and it is glory enough for any man.

Du Niger au Golfe de Guinée par le pays de Kong et le Mossi. Par le capitaine Binger. [1887-1889.] Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1892. 2 vols. 8vo.

THERE has been so great interest of late in the development of eastern and equatorial Africa that we are in danger of losing sight of the fact that there are other parts of the continent still little known, but full of promise to the explorer. These are the chain of Sudanese States to the south of the Sahara, and the region lying between the great bend of the Niger and the negro kingdoms of the Guinea Coast. Explorers of different nationalities are now endeavoring from various directions to reach the former, with what success remains to be seen. The latter has been recently traversed from north to south by a French officer going, in the double character of a commercial traveller and a political agent, to introduce French manufactures and to negotiate treaties. With this peaceful end in view, he travelled without an armed escort, having only men and animals sufficient to carry the goods intended for sale and for presents. He left Bammako, a French post on the upper Niger, in June, 1887, and in March, 1889, reached Grand Bassam on the French Gold Coast. The commercial results of his mission are of course not yet apparent, but through the treaties which he induced the chiefs of the regions passed through to sign, he is able to say that "one can go to-day from Cape Blanc to the Gulf of Guinea, and from Cape Verd to Say [on the lower Niger] without leaving territory under French rule."

Capt. Binger's account of his journey, though rather dry and lacking in entertaining incidents, is evidently a painstaking and faithful description of a not very interesting country or people. It is difficult, indeed, to form a distinct conception of any place visited with the single exception of Kong. This is the principal city of a kingdom bearing the same name, inhabited by about 15,000 Mohammedans of a singularly intelligent and tolerant type. They are divided into three classes, the educated, the illiterate, and the drinkers of *dolo*, or millet-beer. Their chief occupation is weaving and dyeing a cotton cloth in great demand throughout the western Sudan, and trading in salt and the cola-nut. Although having a marked disinclination for war, they are rapidly extending their rule over the neighboring tribes in a somewhat novel manner. One or two Kong families settle in a pagan village, establish a school to which they invite the village children, and gradually gain the confidence of the chief, who finally puts himself and his people under the protection of their king. In this way two things are gained: their surplus population is provided for and their trade-routes are made secure. Among the things most frequently asked for of Capt. Binger, who was, if we are not mistaken, the first European to visit the city, were "sacred books, Korans, Gospels, Pentateuchs, and law treatises." They recognize three principal religions, which they call the "Ways of Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet." In conversation "many of them declared that these three religions were identical because they led to one and the same God." So also, in obedience to the command of the Koran—"When a slave shall demand from thee his liberty *in writing*, thou shalt give it to him with some of the goods which God has bestowed upon thee"—some of them have freed those of their slaves who had received religious instruction and could read. The ordinary currency, not only of Kong but of nearly the whole region traversed, was the cowry, of which 500 equal a franc, though both gold and a few European silver coins are used. The gold is both in nuggets and in dust, but the latter is apparently the only form in which it is used as money. The smallest amount current weighs as much as a grain and a half of unhusked rice, and is valued at a little over two cents.

From this place it was Capt. Binger's intention to go through the Mossi country to Say, the limit of the French influence on the lower Niger according to the recent treaty with Great Britain. He succeeded in reaching the town of the ruling chief, who received him hospitably, but would not permit him to proceed farther. Accordingly he returned by a different route to Kong, from whence he made his way with little difficulty to the coast.

Although he tells very little of the way in which he carried out the political ends of his mission, he gives much information in regard to the agricultural and commercial resources of the country explored by him. The part adjacent to the French Sudan has been reduced recently almost to an uninhabited wilderness, partly through the wars of two rival chiefs, and partly through slave-raids. There are large, thickly populated districts, however, to the south and east of these States, which, on the opening of communication, will doubtless prove valuable markets for foreign goods. He does not appear to have made any special investigation of the extent or richness of the gold-bearing region, but the quantity of gold dust and small nuggets to be found in every village, taken in connection with the fact that it is surface gold merely from the banks of the streams,

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would seem to indicate the existence of valuable deposits. The natives, throughout his whole journey, seem to have been peaceably inclined to the white traveller, though in some instances they refused to permit him to enter their villages. Nor does he appear to have suffered much from their dishonesty, though he travelled without an escort. At one place he found "five or six sheds filled with merchandise, barrels of powder, boxes of gin, bags of salt. No one is there to guard them; in this region they do not trouble themselves about thieves. . . . The people, though fond of drink, never touch the gin, nor anything which does not belong to them." In this same district all the people of a village are held responsible for the crime of any one of them against an inhabitant of another village. This was most frequently adultery, which with the wife of a chief cost a man all his possessions; with an ordinary woman, from two to six ounces of gold. If he has nothing with which to pay, he is held as a slave, and his children and fellow-villagers inherit the debt. This custom often made it difficult to get transportation from one village to another, the men fearing to be held as slaves in payment of an old debt.

Capt. Binger gives two of the stories current among the Mandingoes, which are interesting from their striking resemblance in form and humor to those of "Uncle Remus." In both the rabbit victimizes, in the first the hyena, in the second all the animals, whose burial-fund he has appropriated. In order to test him, the elephant pretends to die and the rabbit is summoned to bury him. Taking his pickaxe, he goes to the place where all the animals are assembled, first telling his three children to come to him at intervals of fifteen minutes. Shortly after beginning his work one of the young rabbits runs up with a message that he is wanted at home. The old rabbit refuses to go, because he is busy digging the elephant's grave. Soon another rabbit appears with the same message, and this time the lion orders the rabbit to go home and see what is wanted. He obeys, but returns in a short time and sets silently to work. After repeated questions, he says, with feigned reluctance, that three strangers have arrived, one in search of elephants, another of lions and panthers, the third of hyenas. On hearing this they all take to flight and leave the rabbit to enjoy the burial-fund at his ease.

The book is well illustrated; the pictures of the mosques, whose peculiar architecture Capt. Binger does not fully describe, being especially interesting. There is an admirable map, on which, it may be noted, the mountains of Kong, which figure so largely on even the most recent maps, do not appear. According to this latest explorer, they exist only in the imagination of the geographers.

The Formal Garden in England. By Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

THIS is an awakening book. Its plea is for design in the surroundings of houses. It insists that the house and the ground around the house should be arranged in relation to each other. It maintains the irrefutable proposition that really satisfying beauty in the immediate surroundings of men's lives upon this earth must spring, not from any imitated likeness to wild nature, nor yet from any impracticable conformity to the ideals of landscape-painters, but simply from the harmonious adaptation of land and buildings to the uses and enjoyments of real life.

It seems strange that an obvious truth, now universally accepted as respects buildings, should still need to be preached in its application to the ground surrounding buildings. Ground near a house must generally be devoted to purposes of use and enjoyment quite like the purposes which the house itself is designed to serve. If the house has its hall, its drawing-room, its billiard-room, and its laundry, the ground near the house must have its approach-road, its garden, its tennis-court, and its drying-yard. These are all artificial things, demanding formal lines and the subjugation of nature as emphatically as a building. They ought to be planned so as to make with the building one design and composition.

In the book before us these ideas are deduced and illustrated from a study of the old gardens of England. The writer and the draughtsman, who are the joint authors of the book, have evidently travelled widely in search of good examples of the ancient style of house-grounds, and they have been rewarded for their pains by the discovery of many charming places, possessing fore-courts, house-courts, base-courts, terraces, bowling-greens, and walled gardens composed of "knots," parterres, pleaching, arbors, "palisades," and hedges. In these gardens grow gillyflowers, columbines, sweet-williams, hollyhocks, and marigolds, lady-slippers, London pride, bachelor's-buttons, love-in-a-mist, and apple-of-love; peacocks parade their ivied walls, and daisies stud their velvet lawns. The seclusion, the repose, the mingling light and shade, the blending colors, the sweet odors, and, above all, the perfect fitness of these old gardens, conspire to make them lovable and delectable beyond compare. They are well described and happily illustrated in this book, so that the reader can but sympathize with the righteous wrath which the authors vent upon the men who destroyed hundreds of such places in the last years of the last century.

What was the origin of the mood or fashion which occasioned this lamentable destruction, and gave birth to the pseudo-naturalistic style of treating ground about houses that is even yet in vogue? Our authors do not attempt a philosophical answer to this question, but they give us an instructive sketch of the history of garden design from the days of the mediæval 'Romance of the Rose,' through the fresh and simple style of the English Renascence, to the elaborate extravagances of the Restoration and the consequent reaction which assisted in the establishment of the self-styled "art of landscape gardening."

The prophets and practitioners of the naturalistic school, from Whately, Uvedale Price, and Repton of the last century, to Messrs. Robinson and Milner of the present day, are here handled without gloves. They are, indeed, too sweepingly assailed; for beyond the vicinity of the house and garden lies a broad field in which only naturalistic treatment is appropriate. Yet, as respects gardens, what follows is true enough:

"Presumably, Mr. Robinson's dictum that 'walks should be concealed as much as possible and reduced to the most modest dimensions,' is based on the state of a virgin forest; the argument perhaps running thus: Because in a virgin forest there are no paths at all, let us in our acre and a half of garden make as little of the paths as possible." "But it is not easy to state the landscape gardener's principles, for his system consists in the absence of any, and most modern writers lead off with hearty abuse of formal gardening, after which they incontinently drop the question of design and go off at a tangent on horticulture; and yet it is evident that to plan out a garden the knowledge necessary is that of design, not that of growing a gigantic gooseberry."

Even the latest books on landscape gardening, the English Milner's and the American Parsons's, treat of trees, shrubs, herbs, and other things, rather than of design in the surroundings of houses. Our private and public gardens also, with their necessarily unnatural and yet studiously informal arrangements, betray the same lack of feeling for design. Our time is certainly out of joint as respects this art, and for this reason this straightforward book is peculiarly valuable and welcome.

Concerning All of Us. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Harper & Bros.

THE fraternal and democratic implication of the title of this small volume of essays is faithfully carried out by the tone of their contents. They touch in passing upon topics as miscellaneous in character as the headings of a newspaper column, but without anywhere drifting away from the main current of ideas. These are of a quality that will easily win acceptance with the generality of readers, who find a personal satisfaction in being continually reminded of the value of the average man, and of the preponderating importance of the rank and file of "plain people" over the exceptionally endowed few.

The advantages of local independence in social matters are also dwelt on in detail, and the impossibility, in this country, of a metropolis—a city, that is, with the prerogative of dictating the laws of good manners to other cities. However obvious some of its drawbacks may be, there can at least be no doubt that such social autonomy leaves freer scope for the exercise of what Mr. Higginson calls the "new national temperament." English criticisms upon some of the manifestations of this temperament are dealt with in more than one of the essays, and Mr. Higginson is always ready to parry them by counter-criticism. His foils, it must be said, are always provided with their buttons, for good humor marks every page of the volume. He never, however, omits the retort courteous, and although it is an open question whether the habit of constant self-defence is as likely in the long run as Mr. Arnold's habit of self-criticism to touch the spirit to fine issues, it is impossible not to applaud such vigilant fencing.

By no means second in interest are the opinions here set down in regard to women. They are thoroughly sane and practical, and deserve a sympathetic reading. The time, however, is rapidly passing when they can be read as other than agreeably expressed truisms. The advance in the educational status of women, in the Old World and the New, which has been so marked of late, is merely the index of the change of front which the body of conservative people, apart from educators, are making in regard to the "woman question." In some remote New England town or on retired plantations in the far South, where it is still considered a perilous adventure for a girl to embark on the study of algebra, there may probably linger for a time the need for some one to assert that "women have ceased to be mere dependents and appendages, and there is nothing left for them but to go on and be individuals"; but this can hardly be the case much longer in localities within reach of the current of progress.

There is so much amiable optimism contained in these papers that they are well calculated to produce a cheerful frame of mind in their readers. The busy men and women who have from time to time perused them in the periodicals in which they first appeared, have no doubt felt themselves stimulated to a more

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careful and more logical observation of social phenomena. Their reasonableness is their merit, and they are distinguished by a ripeness of reflection and temperateness of judgment that are fortunately within reach of every average man and woman who will consistently apply the rule laid down in one of the papers, of "judging all things constantly in the light of first principles and fresh minds."

B. F. Stevens's Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, 1773-1783. Vols. XI. and XII. Nos. 1059-1300. London: B. F. Stevens.

THE eleventh and twelfth volumes of this collection return to a subject already treated in the first and fourth volumes, viz., the Commission sent out to America in 1778 with the conciliatory proposals of the British Government. This time we have the official correspondence of the Commission, and a few reports and private letters of Sir Henry Clinton and others. The whole story is one of disappointment on the civil side, and inefficiency of the military department. To the latter, however, there are two exceptions: the successful retreat of the British army across New Jersey in the summer of 1778, and the capture of Savannah on the 29th of December of the same year. This latter service was well performed by Lieut.-Col. Archibald Campbell, a gallant soldier who could write as well as act, and who was not afraid of blowing his own trumpet on occasion. "I need not inform your Lordship," says he in his report, "how much I prize the hope of being the first British Officer to rent a Stripe and Star from the rebel flag of Congress: In that event it will rest with my Sovereign and your Lordship, to decide its merit and consequence" (1248). Shortly after his capture of Savannah, Lieut.-Col. Campbell was joined by reinforcements from Saint Augustine, a fact which he mentions in a private letter as follows: "Gen. Prevost has at last reached this town from the Southward with 900 rag, tag, and Bobtails" (1252). The men thus disrespectfully described had, however, made a much more favorable impression on the general who had actually commanded them. He speaks highly of their conduct and their sufferings, "and the chearfulness with which for days together under the most severe fatigues, they lived only on Oysters" (1251).

Few parts of this collection are so interesting as the military letters. The facts which they relate are generally known, at least in outline, but the soldiers tell their story well and may at any time give us new particulars. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stevens has many more such reports in reserve.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aïdé, Hamilton. A Voyage of Discovery. Harpers.
Atkinson, Rev. J. C. Playhours and Half-Holidays. Macmillan. $1.25.
Austen, Jane. Sense and Sensibility. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros. $2.50.
Black, William. In Silk Attire. New ed. Harpers.
Booth, Charles. Pauperism: A Picture; and the Endowment of Old Age: An Argument. Macmillan. $1.25.
Brackett, Miss Anna C. The Technique of Rest. Harpers.
Brooks, Edward. The Story of the Odyssey. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. $1.25.
Buck, Carl D. Der Vocalismus der Oskischen Sprache. Leipzig: K. F. Koehler.
Cathcart, George R. Literary Reader: A Manual of English Literature. American Book Co. $1.15.
Chamberlain, W. B. Rhetoric of Vocal Expression. Oberlin, O.: E. J. Goodrich.
Chandler, H. P. The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry. Vol. II. July to December. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Corson, Prof. Hiram. A Primer of English Verse. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Cowen, Rev. J. F. The Mother of the King's Children. T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Davidson, Thomas. Aristotle, and Ancient Educational Ideals. [The Great Educators.] Scribners. $1.
Ellis, F. S. A Lexical Concordance to the Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. London: Bernard Quaritch.

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EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

ARTICLES.—The Teaching of Geography, I., William M. Davis; Entrance Examination in English at Yale, Henry A. Beers; Compulsory Education in the United States, I., William B. Shaw; The Parallel Study of Grammar, E. A. Sonnenschein; Educational Policy of Archbishop Ireland, Thomas O'Gorman; The Grammar School Curriculum, William H. Maxwell; Women as Graduate Students at Yale, Arthur T. Hadley.
DISCUSSIONS.—Certain Views of Herbart on Mathematics and Natural Science, Charles H. Douglas; The Language Question in Switzerland, B. A. Hinsdale.
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